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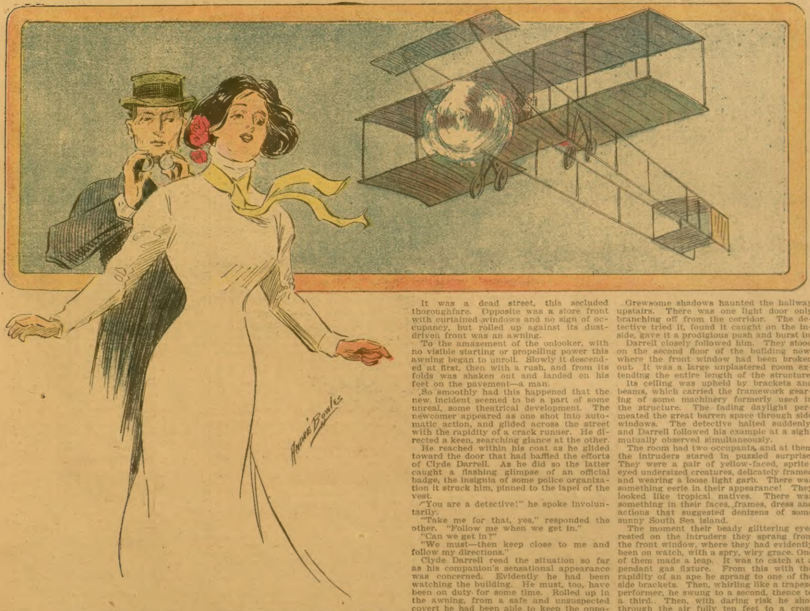
An Airship Mystery;

Or, THE STRANGE STORY OF GLORIA

By Weldon J. Cobb



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CHAPTER I.

THE SILVERANDOS.

FOR the love of Heaven, come into this house!"

A clatter of brittle, breaking glass, a wild, ringing scream, flashing and outflashing of a vivid light, and then dense silence in the quiet street.

The seeming lone pedestrian of the secluded thoroughfare had halted like a statue and thrilled with wonder. Transfixed, he stood staring up at the grim front of the building whence this sudden outburst of mystery and tragedy had emanated.

"Come into this house," indeed! He started as from a shock. What had he seen: a fair-faced, golden-haired girl with a wild-rose face, beating with dainty bruised hands at the fragile window that shivered to atoms under her touch. Then, terror-convulsed, she was seized in the grasp of a female of amazonian strength, a woman with a face the sight of which would make a good man shudder if it did not cause him to weep.

As the girl was torn away from the window, its heavy curtain was dropped and the light behind it was extinguished. There was no further outcry, no sign of life or movement within the forbidding structure, which seemed to be some abandoned factory building.

So sudden had come the happening of all of this, so tragic the dynamic picture of the moment, that the young man who had witnessed it, whose careless stroll had been so strangely halted, stood bewildered like one in a dream. He seemed to question mentally the reality of the presentation. Then, suddenly, into his fine, human face flashed a token of new interest and chivalry.

"'Come into this house!'"—his lips framed unconsciously the strange, vivid words. "A young girl, alarm, terror, then silence—now, what does it mean?"

What could it mean but crime, perchance murder! What might it signify but innocence, loveliness in a whirlwind of frantic horror. His eyes glowing, his frame nerved to strength and determination, Clyde Darrell crossed the deserted street in a flash, sprang at the front door of the place and wrenched at its stout iron knob.

In vain! The massive timbers, the strong lock within mocked him. He ran again to the street, lifting from its edge a loose paving stone, intent on battering down the resisting barrier.

Then, raising his eyes, the young man stood for a moment spellbound by a new spectacle, odd, striking and unheard of before in his experience.

It was a dead street, this secluded thoroughfare. Opposite was a store front with curtained windows and no sign of occupancy, but rolled up against its dust-driven front was an awning.

To the amazement of the onlooker, with no visible starting or propelling power this awning began to unroll. Slowly it descended at first, then with a rush, and from its folds was shaken out and landed on his feet on the pavement—a man.

So smoothly had this happened that the new incident seemed to be a part of some unreal, some theatrical development. The newcomer appeared as one shot into automatic action, and glided across the street with the rapidity of a crack runner. He directed a keen, searching glance at the other.

He reached within his coat as he glided toward the door that had baffled the efforts of Clyde Darrell. As he did so the latter caught a flashing glimpse of an official badge, the insignia of some police organization it struck him, pinned to the lapel of the vest.

"You are a detective!" he spoke involuntarily.

"Take me for that, yes," responded the other. "Follow me when we get in."

"Can we get in?"

"We must—then keep close to me and follow my directions."

Clyde Darrell read the situation so far as his companion's sensational appearance was concerned. Evidently he had been watching the building. He must, too, have been on duty for some time. Rolled up in the awning, from a safe and unsuspected covert he had been able to keep the opposite building constantly in full view.

A sudden outburst of action had brought him into play. Had he been expecting this? But what was the motive, the cause of the same? Eagerly young Darrell pressed forward. Quivering with excitement he was as well now overcome with admiration.

For his companion had drawn from an inner pocket a small leather case. Deftly he spread it open on the doorstep, revealing a score of bright steel objects.

Fitting several sections of some expert tool together with magical quickness, he built up a formidable chisel of intense strength and solidity. In addition, selecting a thin wiry bar, flexible and jointed in many places, he restored the leather roll to his pocket and began operations on the door before him.

"Open sesame!" he observed, and, his hands working with lightning-like rapidity, he applied the bar and then the wire, the one to the bottom of the door, the other to the keyhole.

With a jar and a bound the big barrier swung back. It was scarcely twilight in the outer air, but the corridor beyond the threshold was in dim obscurity. There was a rank taint in the atmosphere in the hall, suggestive of mildew and decay.

"Come on," said the detective simply, and Darrell followed at his heels up a creaking, rickety staircase.

Grewsome shadows haunted the hallway upstairs. There was one light door only branching off from the corridor. The detective tried it, found it caught on the inside, gave it a prodigious push and burst in.

Darrell closely followed him. They stood on the second floor of the building now, where the front window had been broken out. It was a large unplastered room extending the entire length of the structure.

Its ceiling was upheld by brackets and beams, which carried the framework gearing of some machinery formerly used in the structure. The fading daylight permeated the great barren space through side windows. The detective halted suddenly, and Darrell followed his example at a sight mutually observed simultaneously.

The room had two occupants, and at them the intruders stared in puzzled surprise. They were a pair of yellow-faced, sprite-eyed undersized creatures, delicately framed and wearing a loose light garb. There was something eerie in their appearance! They looked like tropical natives. There was something in their faces, frames, dress and actions that suggested denizens of some sunny South Sea island.

The moment their beady glittering eyes rested on the intruders they sprang from the front window, where they had evidently been on watch, with a spry, wiry grace. One of them made a leap. It was to catch at a pendant gas fixture. From this with the rapidity of an ape he sprang to one of the side brackets. Then, whirling like a trapeze performer, he swung to a second, thence to a third.. Then, with daring risk he shot through the air fully ten feet to a cross rafter, and clung there surveying the intruders with twinkling, questioning glance.

His hand went to his hip suddenly. Twisting two fingers in a peculiar manner, the monkey-like creature uttered a low modulated series of whistling sounds.

His companion responded. Then apparent challenge, reply, rapid alternating flute tones ensued, and the one nearest to the intruders leaped upward as his companion had done. He spun through the air to the brackets, thence to the rafters and gained the side of the other.

"Why!" exclaimed Darrell in startled wonder, "they are conversing in whistle tones."

"Yes," exclaimed the detective, a gleam of satisfaction in his quick, observant eyes as though he recognized the two strange beings, or their presence here, linked to some clew or discovery that had brought this strange structure under his surveillance, "they are Silverandos."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE DARK.

"What are Silverandos?"

Very much puzzled, Clyde Darrell asked this question at this instant.

Later he knew what the word "Silverandos" signified—the wandering or imported members of a wild tribe in the far-away Canary Islands, who were oddities in the civilized world.

The dying out vestige of a nondescript secluded people, the Silverandos, for centuries with a language of their own, were known as the "whistling people," the most remarkable stories of their linguistic accomplishments being current.

Solely through whistling modulations, these strange people were said to be able in the wilds of their remote native country to communicate with one another at an incredible distance apart.

So remarkable was their power to carry on an intelligent conversation without the aid of words, that scientists had planned to gain a knoweldge of their mystic methods of communication before the march of civilization eradicated the most peculiar dead language of the world.

The two strange beings, as the detective moved toward what appeared to be a closed-in stairway, swung across the space overhead with extraordinary rapidity. A square hole was cut in the stairway partition. Through this they vanished like athletes in a strange dissolving scene.

Darrell's companion ran to this partition, pulled open a door and darted up a stairway. The Silverandos, just crossing the platform at its top, slammed shut a door immediately beyond it. This the detective drove from its hinges with a vigorous kick of his foot. He and Darrell came into a large room to observe the Silverandos making for another stairway.

"Those fellows—the man who must be with them is the man I want," spoke the detective hurriedly. "Yonder—there's the girl!"

The sound of some conversation on the floor above reached the hearing of Darrell, but he gave it only passing attention. When the detective, who had now disappeared, spoke the words, "There is the girl!" the young man had started toward the end of the apartment.

There, struggling in the grasp of the amazonian female he had seen from the street, was the girl whose outcry had first attracted his attention. Apparently she had just aroused from a swoon, for the woman was raising, or rather dragging her to her feet. She was a formidable female, but she was so bulky as to be clumsy. Darrell ran toward her.

The captor of the young girl saw him coming and attempted to pull her charge not only out of his reach but out of the room. Darting a venomous glance at him, she made for a door and had thrust it open as he gained her side.

"Save me!" pleaded the girl, white-faced and trembling.

Darrell drew her free from the tiger grasp of the hag. He gave the latter a swing. He sent her reeling from the spot, ten feet away. With a vicious snarl she fell to the floor, the contact of her bulky form causing the flimsy timbers to quiver.

"This way!" spoke Darrell hastily, and he drew his fair charge through a doorway. In his urgency, he had thought only of getting her out of the sight and power of the woman.

Suddenly the young man deplored his hasty action. They had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room when the door was slammed hastily shut. There was the jingle of a bolt-shot into place. The room in which the refugee twain now found themselves was utterly dark. It was probably an inner apartment with no outside windows.

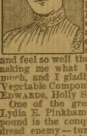
"Take my hand," directed Darrell, groping in the dark.

"Yes! yes!" gasped his affrighted companion, and dainty fingers quivered in his protecting grasp. "Oh! take me away from here, this horrible place, that awful woman—what does it mean? And he told me to come—he told me to come!"

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what



your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again as ever. I wroto to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. WILLIE EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

The girl was talking incoherently, wailing out these last words. Darrell paid little attention to what she was saying. Between her distracted sobs, however, he traced that some impulse of love had brought her innocently into a trap, that she suspected treachery, and that her heart was torn with contending emotions.

Darrell led her beside him. They seemed to traverse a short hallway. Then he saw a chink of light ahead. Hastening forward they crossed a new room. A window showed, with the outside iron shutters not quite drawn together.

Fading twilight came through the interstices. Darrell examined the window. He reached through a large broken sash and pushed at the shutters. Their rusted hinges opposed some resistance, but they creaked open slowly.

"You must go this way," he spoke decisively, as he made out the ladder of a fire escape. "Close to the building—you will not be afraid?"

"Oh, anything, anything to get away from this horrible place!" panted the girl.

Darrell helped her to the window sill. He held her until her foot rested on the ladder.

"There is an alley way below," he announced, peering down. "Get to the ground and away from here as quickly as you can. One word: Who are the people in this building?"

"I do not know," answered the girl, with a shudder. "I came here to meet—to meet a—a friend who was in trouble, but I fear—I dread—oh! what does it all mean?"

"I must remain to assist a friend," explained Darrell. "Go quickly."

He watched his timid, trembling charge descend toward the ground. She was just in time. There was a crash back toward the room where Darrell had just found her. He heard voices and traced a general commotion. More than one person seemed to be on his trail, in active pursuit.

He might readily have followed the girl and both of them could have reached a place of safety. Darrell thought, however, of the man who had forced the way into the building.

A shot rang out somewhere in the house, and then another. Every impulse of his manly nature moved Darrell to remain in the building and share the peril of the man he believed to be an officer of the law, judging from his strange first appearance and his later words and actions.

Darrell turned into a kind of a hall. Here he was in absolute darkness. He groped his way ahead, hoping to discover some opening that would lead to the main room of the floor or to a staircase.

He finally reached a door, pushed it open, and stepped forward. At the instant his feet touched nothingness, and he went whirling downward to unknown depths.

CHAPTER III.
THE IVORY HAMMER.

Clyde Darrell shot downward with a sheer impetus that defied hindrance. He put out his hands in an attempt to check the mad, perilous flight. They scraped along the rough reverse plastering of two walls which encased the pit or void into which he had unwittingly tumbled.

With a violent shock he landed, and his whole frame seemed to collapse. He had only time to realize that he must have dropped more than two stories between walls, when the fall and the jar robbed him of sensibility. There he swayed, half recumbent, propped up only by the partition walls, which were about twenty inches apart.

How long he was insensible Darrell could not estimate when he opened his eyes. It was impossible for him to measure time or distance through any coherent calculation. He experienced a dull, weak helplessness that fairly overcame him, and a pain in one ankle and some throbbing bruises about the head and chest told him that he had not escaped unharmed. He tried to straighten up, but found that he had not the strength to do so.

A faint glint of light dazzled his eyes. Then, becoming inured to the vague illumination, he discovered that there were slight gaps in the plastering before his face. He was so situated, it seemed, that he could look directly into a lighted apartment.

It was a cellar room—he discovered this at once. It had several occupants—he made this out as readily. Then interest and astonishment held him in a strange thrall as he studied the situation.

A lamp, hung in a bracket extending from the side wall of the cellar, cast a bright radiance over all the underground apartment. Its rays revealed three persons. One was an elf-faced old man with long white beard and hair and cruelly glittering eyes. Near to the entrance to the cellar was a low-browed man who seemed to stand on guard there. His face was sinister and bore the unmistakable brand of the professional criminal.

Nearer to a low, flat table in the center of the room was a man much younger than either of the others, and this man wore a palpable disguise. His face was disfigured with a hirsuite covering that was fairly grotesque, for it did not conceal dark, flashing eyes and a fair complexion. His hands, his feet, his whole form, his every movement, graceful and striking, told that, naturally presented, he would appear as a very handsome and apparently cultured gentleman, so far as exterior looks were concerned. This man stood glowering down at the table.

Across this lay a human being, strapped to it hand and foot. Clyde Darrell could not repress a hushed but intense exclamation as he recognized the captive.

"The detective—the man who entered this strange place with me!" he uttered.

The disguised man seemed studying the prisoner. The older man, a small leather case under his arm, appeared like some bloodthirsty being awaiting eagerly an order for action instantaneous and tragic, for his eyes glared gloatingly at the bound and prostrate captive. The man at the door seemed impervious to all emotions, however, acting like a hired menial, indifferent to everything except his part in obeying orders.

The disguised man was about to speak, when there was some commotion beyond the barrier guarded by the man at the end of the apartment. The door was pushed open, the woman from whom Clyde Darrell had rescued the fair girl captive entered the room. She was disheveled, flushed and excited.

"Well?" demanded the man, in a sharp tone that showed that he was displeased.

"I have found nothing but this," and the speaker extended a small hand bag, evidently the recent possession of her late charge.

The man seized it eagerly. He ransacked it, drawing out a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, what looked like a railroad ticket and a small purse.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, dashing the articles to the floor and viciously tearing the bag to pieces. "No papers! And the girl is gone?"

"Yes, she has escaped," gloomily answered the woman.

"It is a bad piece of business," muttered the disguised man. "Here," and he drew from his pocket and tossed contemptuously toward the woman a roll of banknotes, "you haven't earned them, but pay off your assistants and—disappear."

The woman retired. The disguised man approached the guard at the door.

"Tell the two whistling boys to seek new quarters," he spoke in a tone of as if he was used to being obeyed. "Then go through the building and watch the outside as well. Signal the first hint of anybody suspicious lurking around. There was another man in the building, as we know. He may have gone to place the girl in safety. Be alert now, and keep a close watch until we finish the task that is set for us."

The speaker turned to the old man. Every word he spoke interested the bewildered Darrell, who could hear distinctly.

"The girl has slipped us," spoke the old man.

"As you see," curtly responded the other. "Let it pass. She has not learned that I am here, she does not know the motive I had in directing her to this place."

"A motive—I hardly understand," observed the old man, and he looked puzzled and curious.

"It is not necessary for you to do so," retorted his companion with an irritable shrug of his shoulders. "She is not essential to my plans, but I hoped she had certain papers with her that were. She has escaped with them. Very well, I think I know how to get on her track and their track later. She is a pretty fool at a boarding school I have been making love to. In fact, she thinks I am engaged to her. I was simply playing the devoted lover to learn a certain secret of her father's. I knew that he had sent her some papers to work over, or translate, or transcribe, relating to the secret. It was those I was after."

"I see," nodded the old man.

"They are gone, she is gone. I directed her on her way home from the seminary to her home hundreds of miles from here to come to this building. My idea was to have her kept a prisoner until she told me she knew about her father's secret unless the papers I hoped she had with her told it. Now I have missed in my plots, I must start out on some new scheme. I have probably destroyed her confidence in me, but I shall not again appear as her lover."

"Likely not," grinned the old man, "as you are so soon to be married to another."

"Exactly—drop it," ordered the disguised man with an impatient gesture. "Now as to this man, I fancied he was out of the ring, but he has bobbed up again—to his doom. You have the tools with you?"

"As you see," answered the old man, slapping with zest the mysterious case in his hand.

"You know what you are to do?"

"Perfectly."

"See you," continued the disguised man, "I am no assassin, but this man has hunted me across two continents. Free, he could place me where I could not see my friends for many years. He must forget."

"He will forget!" chuckled the old man in malevolent, murderous glee.

The disguised man advanced to the table. He glowered down at the man at his mercy.

"At last you are in my power," he spoke.

The captive met his glance steadily, undaunted.

"I fancy the Langworthy affair will die out after this," the speaker continued snarlingly.

"No," declared the prisoner, "it may sleep, it may lie dormant for a time, but some day, some hour, through myself or some other faithful, persistent officer of the law, you will be brought to book."

"We shall see."

"We shall, Rolfe Tyson."

The person thus designated drew back and waved his hand urgingly and peremptorily at the old man.

"Proceed," he said simply.

The old man advanced to the table, placed upon it the case he carried and opened it. The contents revealed comprised what looked like a set of surgical instruments.

From among them he selected a tiny disc of some white material with minute protuberances on one side.

He placed this upon the side of the head of the prostrate man, between the temple and the ear. Then he drew out a small mallet. It was delicately made of the finest ivory.

The captive could not stir. Mutely he submitted to the preparations for some grewsome operation or procedure.

"You will forget, do you understand?" hissed the man, Rolfe Tyson, leaning toward the victim of his evident hatred and cruelty, "you will forget!"

"Others will remember, do not forget that," calmly, almost solemnly replied the man on the table.

Tap—tap!

The old man dealt the disc two blows with the ivory hammer. The victim convulsed, his eyes closed. It was as if some deft, skilled blow had paralyzed some powerful nerve in his body.

"It is done," proceeded the old man coldly, and with the satisfaction of some fánatic vivisectionist gratified at an effective scientific experiment.

"Very good, we will leave then," responded the disguised man. "You are sure of the results?"

"Positive. That man will be as well as he ever was, but one whole section of his life will be blotted out forever. You may release him. He will not recognize you now. Let him wander at his will. He can do you no harm, for he has forgotten."

The disguised man released the straps that had secured the detective to the table. In a minute or two the latter aroused. He struggled to his feet and stared strangely around him. Then his hand went wanderingly to his head. There was a glazed, vacant expression in his eye.

"Why, say," he spoke slowly, "it's getting late. I must hurry up or I won't get to school in time."

"Do you hear?" propounded the old man triumphantly to Rolfe Tyson. "That man has lost twenty years of his life—he imagines he is back in his boyhood again."

A thrill permeated the frame of Clyde Darrell. He realized a tragic fact with a shudder of horror—these inhuman fiends had robbed their victim of his memory!

CHAPTER IV.
AS IN A DREAM.

The great city faded away like a dream. To Clyde Darrell, whirling along on a fast express train, it seemed a dream, indeed—all that had happened in his life the past week.

The old dismantled building in the heart of the metropolis, the girl captive with the lovely wild-rose face, the mysterious man unrolled from the awning, the Silverandos, and last and most tragic the ivory mallet which had made the victim of the vengeance of Rolfe Tyson a seeming imbecile—all this now floated through his mind like mere incoherent vestiges of some wild vision.

When Darrell had got out of the old building where he had fallen between two partition walls, it was dark, the place was deserted and his condition was one that demanded immediate attention.

How he managed to get out of the place was a dim memory after a lapse of time. He recalled an attack on the laths and plastering with his bare hands, a stumbling fall into an open room. He dimly remembered having groped his way to a small cellar window, bursting out the heavy sash and of crawling into an alleyway.

There, from sheer weakness, he rested prone on the ground directly beneath the fire escape down which the girl had gone. An envelope attracted his attention, and he picked it up from the ground and placed it in his pocket, somehow fancying that it might have been dropped by the girl in her flight.

Finally Darrell managed to get to the street and then to a more busy thoroughfare, where he hailed a cab and was driven to his hotel.

He was helped to his room by a servant, and a physician was sent for. His sprained ankle and his many bruises needed skilled attention, and for nearly a week he was unable to leave his room.

When he was again able to go out into the street, Darrell made an effort to locate the old building that had been in his mind through his days of illness. He could not do this. He was a stranger in the city. Besides that, the casual stroll which had ended in his mishap a week previous had occurred at dusk, in an unfamiliar deserted lane. He gave up the search as hopeless after several journeyings into various parts of the city.

No more could Darrell find a way to ascertain the name and the fate of the supposed detective, nor the identity of the assistants of the malevolent Rolfe Tyson. He found, through inquiry, one person who had heard of an actor by that name, but Darrell could not locate the man.

His mind was weighted with the reflection that a great and unheard of crime had been committed. The central figure in this, the detective, had been robbed of his reason. A confiding girl had disappeared into obscurity. The shades of vagueness and mystery covered the trail of the man Tyson, who, the operator of some deep plot, was free to pursue his evil designs unhampered.

"It is all mystery," murmured Darrell, as the train sped along that was conveying him on a journey broken in upon by the episode of the old building during his temporary stop over in the city.

Looking back over his life, Clyde Darrell recognized that event as the one most remarkable happening in his young career. He could have told his life history in a few words. He could not remember his father or his mother. He knew that he was of American birth, and his childhood and boyhood had been passed on a great sheep ranch in Australia. It was conducted by a harsh, practical farmer by the name of Stephens. Darrell had been sent to school in Sidney and had received a good education.

Later he went out with a party surveying a railroad route in the interior. Then Stephens had died, and his heirs did not recognize that Darrell had any particular claim on their bounty or friendship.

When Darrell sought to learn who he really was and why Stephens had cared for him through the years, he came up against a blank wall of conjecture and mystery.

There was no doubt that the Australian farmer had cared for him because he was paid to do so by some one at a distance. The only clew as to the identity of this person that Darrell could discover, was that an American gentleman, at one time located at Calcutta, India, and later at Cincinnati, Ohio, according to papers found among the effects of Stephens, had remitted various sums of money to Stephens through a term of years. Presumably this man was the pensioner of Darrell. His name appeared to be Langworthy.

Darrell had earned and saved some money as a surveyor. He was anxious to trace down the secret of his birth, and leaving Australia he went to Calcutta. There all that he ascertained was that a wealthy gentleman named Langworthy had been located there for many years, making frequent mysterious visits into remote portions of the empire. He had disappeared finally, either lost on one of his internal expeditions or returned to the United States.

Then Darrell had started for America. He had no definite plans in view. He hoped to find Langworthy, and he went to Cincinnati. He discovered no trace of his man there, as he had hoped. Then he started further West. There was great activity in the irrigation field. His technical education had been along kindred lines, and he had an idea of securing employment with some hydraulic proposition in Idaho or on the Pacific Coast.

He had stopped over at Chicago with the result of the startling adventure that involved the charming girl captive he had rescued, the unique Silverandos, the ivory mallet. Now he was leaving Chicago, but it was hard to forget the strange series of occurrences of the most thrilling hour of his life.

One sharp coincidence weighted his

thoughts now as the train sped along—the fact that Rolfe Tyson had referred to a mystery as "the Langworthy case."

"Could this appertain to 'his' Langworthy? Probably not, but if his little sock of money had not run so low, Clyde Darrell would have made a great effort to locate Tyson.

"I must dismiss the whole subject from my mind," he decided. "It can do no good thinking any more about it. I feel sorry for that beautiful girl, though. I wonder what became of her?"

Darrell determined to forget an episode that had been of such tragic interest to him. He placed his hand in an inside pocket of his coat to get paper and pencil to do some figuring, when a thrill shot through his frame.

"Why!" he cried sharply, drawing out a wrinkled envelope, "I forgot all about this."

It was the first time, that morning, since the adventure at the old building that Darrell had donned the suit of clothes he now wore. He had indeed forgotten all about the envelope he had picked up under the fire escape after he had left the dismantled structure in the city. Now that incident flashed back upon his mind vividly.

"'Ruth Chester,'" he read on the envelope, the superscription of which he now regarded eagerly. "That must be the name of the poor deluded girl whom I rescued from that horrible old woman."

Darrell drew a folded sheet of paper out of the envelope. With it came a small bright object, which fell to the car seat at the side.

"A ring!" he cried, and as he inspected the brilliant circlet he found it to be a handsome band of gold with a diamond setting. There was an inscription on its inner surface: "R. T. to R. C."

"'Rolfe Tyson to Ruth Chester,'" murmured Darrell. "I fancy there can be no mistake about the names."

The sheet of paper had some writing on it—a brief scrawl signed by the initials of Tyson, and referring to the small token of affection which he enclosed, evidently referring to the ring. He mentioned also the urgency of her stopping at Chicago on her journey home from the seminary.

Darrell shook the envelope, as there seemed to be something more in it. This proved to be a card. In delicate handwriting it bore the inscription: "Miss Ruth Chester, Delamere, Colorado."

Was that her home? Was it to this point, some peaceful Western village, that she had fled from the man she had loved and trusted, but whom she must now regard with suspicion and despair? Out of it all Darrell dreamily framed a romance interwoven with mystic threads of plot and counterplot—complex, circumstantial, baffling.

It was, in fact, more of the detective that Darrell thought than of the girl. She was beautiful. He could not forget her face, but the bravery of the detective had appeared to him more mightily. His terrible fate oppressed Darrell. He could not get rid of a certain conviction that it was his duty to ferret out and assist or avenge the man whose memory had been taken away from him.

Darrell decided that his own personal needs demanded that he attend to business strictly. He temporarily drove the theme of the Tyson mystery out of his mind, but the next morning it recurred to him with redoubled force. During all that day's journey he could not confine his mind to reading nor to his business affairs. Some irresistible force seemed to draw him toward the actors in the strange drama that had centered in the old dismantled building in Chicago.

He decided that he would leave the train at Denver. From a railroad map he had located Delamere. It appeared to be a small town about a hundred miles distant from Denver. Darrell at first made up his mind to send the ring to Miss Ruth Chester from Denver. Then he decided that he must see her. From what he might induce her to tell him, a clew might be afforded that would put him on the trail of Tyson, eventually leading to the locating of the detective.

Fate willed what he should do, and he blindly pursued its promptings. He arrived at Denver, changed, or rather delayed his plans for continuing his journey, and the next day reached a junction of two railways a few miles from Delamere.

Darrell was scheduled to remain here for several hours to wait for a train that would take him to his destination. He was putting in the time strolling about near the station, when a young man of pleasing presence, bright, brisk and business-like, approached him.

"You will excuse me," he said courteously, "but I am in some trouble for the need of a little assistance."

"Can I be of any service to you?" inquired Darrell politely.

"You can, decidedly," was the prompt response. "Have you an hour to spare?"

Darrell nodded assentingly.

"I have some traps at a little clearing about a mile from the settlement here," replied the stranger. "They have been secretly delivered there by freight from the East, and I do not wish to arouse the curiosity or attract the attention of the people about here. I have an apparatus to deliver in the neighborhood, and my instructions are to do it in a secret manner. The apparatus I have managed to get in order, but I require aid, as I have told you, to set it in operation."

"You arouse my interest," said Darrell. "May I ask what the apparatus, as you designate it, may be?"

The answer quite took away Clyde Darrell's breath:

"An airship."

CHAPTER V.

FATE!

"All ready."

"Let her go!"

A thing of life and beauty, lifting straight for the stars, the airship arose. Indifferent to all emotions save the intensest interest and wonder, Clyde Darrell stood rooted to earth, his eyes and his soul following the swift, graceful upward flight of the delicate bird-like structure he had helped to start on its journey.

"Yours!"

The word was shouted down at him by the man seated in the airship, and a green tinted slip of paper fluttered through the air toward Darrell. He did not pay any attention to it just then, however. A born inventor and mechanician, all his training had been along the lines of motive power. He had long studied the principles of aeronautics, but this was his first practical experience in handling one of those remarkable devices which seemed to be setting the world agog on a new method of propulsion through space.

The man who had hailed him near the railway station and had solicited his assistance was not much of a talker. He was all business and engrossed in his task. When Darrell had expressed his surprise at coming upon the airship, its operator had made a brief explanation.

He was agent for a firm manufacturing these new motors. His only anxiety was to see to its safe delivery to a client. The latter was at some distance from the railroad, he said. He seemed further to be an eccentric individual who had given orders to have the machine delivered to him secretly at a certain secluded spot.

And now an hour later, after following the directions of the aeronaut and assisting him in putting together and starting up the strange device, Darrell lifted his eyes to see it dart through upper space like a bird in its flight.

It rose, swooped, rose again, curved a hill and was lost to view, and the spell was broken and Clyde Darrell came back to the realities of life once more.

"A strange adventure," he said musingly. For a few moments he stood lost in a vivid day dream. The present episode revived in him all his love for industrial and constructive activity. A dream wave passed over his mind, and for the moment he longed to hasten West to throw himself heart and soul into the busy whirl of vast projects and improvements going on there in the hydraulic and other lines.

Then the thought of his actual mission to this place made his face serious, and all the vivid picture of the mysterious deserted house in the city came back to his mind.

"Delamere—Ruth Chester," he said to himself impressively. "I will get the ring and the message off my mind, then for work. What is this?"

Darrell stooped over and lifted from the ground the green fragment of paper that had flitted down from the airship. It proved to be a twenty-dollar bill. Darrell smiled somewhat complacently.

"A liberal fee, fairly earned and rather acceptable," he said. "The aeronaut must have unrestricted orders as to his expenses, and the machine must be designed for delivery to some one who invests regardless of cost."

Darrell was about to leave the spot. It was getting on toward twilight. He half paused as his foot turned over a heap of wires, string and cardboard, of which the various sections of the airship had been denuded, as they were unpacked and set in place. Almost mechanically he selected a shipping tag wire with a pendant card, and quite as mechanically he read the name it bore:

"Daniel Chester."

"Why!" exclaimed Darrell with a quick start, "that name again! The same as the girl's. Is it coincidence, or—fate?"

He fingered the card abstractedly, his active imagination weaving a new coil of circumstance and augury about this new incident. It seemed as if he could not get away from the episode of the city. Something seemed to be driving him on to a destiny closely linked with the detective, the girl Ruth Chester, the plotter Rolfe Tyson.

Through all the next hour Darrell reflected as he pursued his way. He started out for Delamere and reached it a little beyond dusk. He found it to be a busy, pretentious town, active with the hum of industry, having some fine residences and public buildings, and apparently quite a social and business center.

Darrell happened across a youth lounging on a bench in a little park, and casually engaged him in conversation. Then he asked him the question:

"Is there a family named Chester here?"

"Oh, yes," replied his companion volubly. "There's old Daniel Chester, and his daughter, Gloria. Say, mister, she is rightly named—Gloria, indeed! Proud, but all right, and, well—just magnificent."

"Gloria, eh?" repeated Darrell musingly. "The only child?"

"Yes, mister."

"No other children?"

"No. There's Miss Ruth."

"Ah! Who is she?"

"Niece of the old man. You know, Daniel Chester and his brother Ernest were rich once, bankers here. Ernest disappeared mysteriously. There was some trouble at the bank, I believe. Anyhow, Daniel squared things up, and has lived ever since out on the edge of the town at Rose Cottage."

"And this other girl—Ruth Chester?"

"She is younger than Miss Gloria, and father and daughter have made a regular pet of her. Why, they sent her to a girls' college near Chicago, an expensive place, too, they say, when I reckon Miss Gloria had to sit up nights dressmaking to pay the bill. Miss Ruth came home a few days ago. I haven't seen anything of her, though, nor her friends, and she's a great favorite in the town. They say she's sick. The Chesters have always let her go a good deal into society, although the old man and Miss Gloria live like hermits themselves. Poor and proud, see?"

Clyde Darrell nodded, then asked a few questions as to the location of Rose Cottage. He started in its direction. Darrell walked slower and slower as he went along. It evidently occurred to him that his mission was a strange and exceedingly delicate one. He could not inform the friends of Miss Ruth Chester of the circumstances surrounding the girl he had rescued, he must be careful and politic as to how he broached the subject of his peculiar errand to her.

"There may be a mystery I do not understand, a tragedy under all this," Darrell told himself. "All I can do for the present is to reconnoiter, hoping for a favorable opportunity to speak to the girl, give her the ring, offer her the knowledge I possess of this knave Rolfe Tyson, and depart. If I do not succeed readily, I had better perhaps send the ring and written explanations to her by messenger."

Darrell located Rose Cottage after a few more inquiries of pedestrians he met. As he approached it he thought he had never seen a lovelier place. It was a grand, natural bower of roses. The buildings were old and quaint, but the trees and shrubbery surrounding it framed a scene of peace and beauty, rare and enchanting. The fair garden merged into a knoll letting down to a lovely brook that stretched like a vein of pure glistening silver across the landscape.

The moon had risen full and glorious. There was a light in one wing of the cottage, and Darrell, entering the grounds through a break in the street hedge, crossed the garden slowly. He felt like an intruder entering some fair paradise, an uninvited guest, and he halted near a row of blooming rose bushes fairly overcome in a dreamy unreal way by their delicious perfume.

About to retreat, he stood spellbound. His eyes lifting, he saw standing at the edge of a veranda, her face lifted, clear and illumined in the translucent moonlight, a woman.

The surroundings were so ethereal, her statuesque pose so fascinating, that his eyes were transfixed. Once before, that day, he had spoken the word "fate." Now he repeated it—murmuringly, irresistibly, for he knew in a flash that all that had tended to bring him to this spot had led him straight, sure, decisive to the altar of the love of his life.

Facing him, but not observing Clyde Darrell, was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

The continuation of this most extraordinary story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It leads to very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

History of the Kiss.

The further away we journey from the days of Eve, the more assiduously the world seems to have cultivated the habit of kissing; in other words, kissing is a mark and test of civilization, Carl Holliday says in the Smart Set. Before the coming of the white man it apparently was totally unknown among the Indians of America and the savages of Africa and Australia; but who shall trace its beginning among the peoples of Europe and Asia? As far as we may go among these ancient white nations we shall find no age when the highly unhygienic practice was not popular. Indeed, Darwin attempts to trace it back to the habit our betailed ancestors had of grasping prey with their teeth.

This business of osculating became so popular among the Greeks that it is said many husbands, before starting out for the day's work, compelled their wives to eat garlic—a most effective preventive, we cannot doubt. The Romans attempted to be more cold-blooded and dignified. They were at least more systematic, for they divided all kisses into three kinds; the osculum, the kiss of friendship; the basium, the kiss of ceremony, and the suavium, the kiss of love. All of which simply implies that the Romans had three chances to our one. The accidents, however, were not in favor of a public display of the business; spooning was decidedly bad form. Plutarch says that Cato expelled the Senator Manliu for kissing his wife in the daytime and in the presence of his daughter.

This same Plutarch is our authority for the statement that Rome founded the now antiquated custom of wives saluting their husbands with a kiss. The women, after sailing many seas and reaching this place, refused to follow their husbands further, and under the leadership of Roma—a "new woman"—burned the ship. Then, says the historian, Roma invented this pleasant method of appeasing the wrath of the husbands; and the remedy has been used with considerable efficacy until comparatively recent years.

Sad Waste of Time.

According to the story told by detective John Smith, of Camden, the kindly interest that the generous-hearted take in the poor and needy is not always appreciated.

Some time since, the chubby detective said, a friend of his, who has a large ingredient of philanthropy in his makeup, was hustling down Market street toward the ferry, when he was met by a weepful beggar, who asked him for a dime to keep his starving wife and children from gnawing the paper off the wall.

The friend immediately dug down and produced the dime, and then, instead of speeding on as is the usual custom, he paused to talk over the unfortunate man's hard luck. He inquired about the poor wife, the miserable children, and asked how he came to be out of work and a hundred other questions. At first the beggar answered in a fearful tone, but as the converation stretched out he began to show signs of impatience. Still the philanthropist talked on.

"Look here, mister," finally exclaimed the beggar with unseeming abruptness, "we must cut out this gabfest; I have got to be moving on."

"Why, what's your hurry?" said the astonished philanthropist. "You haven't anything to do, have you?"

"Well, I should say that I have," was the joltful rejoinder of the beggar person. "While I have been standing here no less than twenty of the easiest-looking geezers that I ever saw have passed, and if I hadn't been wasting time chinning to you I might have been a couple dollars richer."

London Trainer of Flies.

The only fly market and training stable for insects in the country is owned by F. B. Smith, a young official in the service of the local government board at London, who recently delivered a lecture before the royal photographic society, in which he talked of feats performed by flies and exhibited photographs.

In demonstrations at the fly farm at Mr. Smith's house, in Islington, highly educated flies will perform remarkable antics. A fly will lie on its back and keep a ball revolving with its feet for hours at a stretch, or sit on a chair, dressed in a specially cut silk gown and cap, and nurse a doll. So perfect are the performances that cinematograph records have been taken of them.

Great patience had to be exercised by Mr. Smith before he could make the flies do as he wished. Their home is a glass-topped case, and when a fly has, by much drumming against the glass, had the fact dinned into it that it cannot really get away it becomes tractable and teachable.

Some flies that Mr. Smith has reared will not fly away when they have the chance, and even a wild fly, snatched from freedom, sometimes consents of its own free will to stay at home.

Among the articles which the fly trainer has made for the purposes of performance are:

Machine which registers on a dial the strength of a fly's pull in grains.

Chair carved out of a top of a penholder.

Doll carved from the handle of a toothbrush.

Dumb-bell made of two cork balls joined with a stick.

A cork ball.

All these toys a trained fly will play with.

"I find that a fly placed on its back will turn a cork ball for nearly an hour," said Mr. Smith. "My idea is that a fly does not realize its position, and imagines that it is running along a surface the whole time.

"To get a fly to sit on a chair, its wings have to be slightly gummed to the back to give it the necessary support. Then it will hold the doll in its legs and nod its head like a nurse girl."

Other insects besides flies have been trained by this young government official. He has taught a spider to run up a stick and take food held out to it. A lizard which he has in his possession will take and hold a cigarette in its mouth, but resolutely refuses to smoke it.

The Safest.

"Young man going in for fox hunting wants to know how to take the fence without injuring himself," said the assistant.

"Tell him to take it with a camera," growled the busy man without looking up.

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And the beauty of it is, it will not cost you a penny to see whether this treatment will do all this for you or not, as a full-size 50-cent package will be sent you by mail without charge if you simply write for it. (See coupon below).

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This new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Simply cut out the coupon in this notice and send it with your name and address and 10 cents to pay distribution expenses to the Sargol Company, 100-V Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and you will receive by prompt mail a regular 50-cent package without charge and without incurring any obligations.

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Lords of the Ax;

Or, Who Was Napoleon Knight?

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER XXI.

FOUND HIS PAST!

"STOP, you lunatics, stop! Your place is in a mad-house!"

It was said, and Nate Wolfe stood before his men, red with anger and, perhaps, exertion, for he was panting like a hard-run animal.

"Have you gone clean crazy?" he added. "Get back to Liberty claim, and stay there! You know me!"

They did know him, and they shrank away. Discipline carried where other things failed. Dick Ellett stepped quickly to his foreman's side.

"I'm with you, boss!" he declared.

"Good! Now, you dogs who want to make a rumpus go home or you'll find yourselves in the poor-house on pay-day!"

Wolfe knew that he was master of the situation, and he might have laughed if he had nothing on hand more than to quell the rioters; but something else was pressing hard upon his mind, and, even while he talked, he looked back in the direction from which he had come. Then his face brightened as Lawyer Nettleton came in sight, panting worse than Nate. Wolfe rose to the pinnacle of exultation and swung his hand widely.

"Oh! you bloodthirsters!" he shouted mockingly, "so you want Napoleon Knight, do you? Well, you shall have him—have him long and plenty! Know you, my bully boys, that Napoleon Knight is your own master and boss, Asa Sherwood!"

He paused, surveyed his men, and then, noting their blank expression, laughed loudly.

"There has been a mix-up all around," he supplemented, "but you can gamble your cash on my words—Napoleon Knight is Sherwood! That's all you need to know now, so get back home. Dick Ellett, take charge. No! I want this ruction to stay quelled. I'll go with you. Somebody pick Manuel up and carry him. Come, my bullies, come!"

The Liberty foreman rallied his men with other words, and presently the whole party were plodding back toward their quarters. They who had come like warriors departed in meekness and bewilderment. They left a far happier party behind them than they had found when they arrived. The demon of the torch was baffled.

The foreman of Ben Nord watched them go briefly, and then turned his gaze back to find Sibyl gazing at him in amazement.

"You—you, Asa Sherwood!" she gasped.

He raised his hat politely and smiled the cheerful smile of his days before the morning in the grove of the plains.

"I presume," he said courteously, "that you are Miss Sibyl MacBree?"

Her face fell. This formality—this elaboration of detail—this strange question from the man who had sat by her side in her father's house and discussed the business policy of Ben Nord for a long time with perfect friendliness on her part. Her face trembled a little and then flushed.

Pleasant as his manner was, it looked as if, for some mysterious reason, he was going to disown acquaintance with her.

She looked, but said nothing. Sherwood, however, had not regained his past without regaining the discernment and judgment that went with it, and his manner suddenly changed.

"Miss MacBree," he said gravely, "don't misunderstand. There is a story to tell to those who know me as Napoleon Knight. I have been a stricken man, and I have not even known my identity. Now that I have it back, my entire life at Ben Nord is wiped out. I do not know a person that I met here, nor do I remember a thing that occurred. All the weeks spent here are a blank to me!"

Lawyer Nettleton, listening attentively, added his word:

"I am a witness, Miss Sibyl, to the fact that this is a statement strictly truthful. Remarkable events have occurred at Scarlock, and Mr. Sherwood—or Mr. Knight, if you will—has been the central figure."

"Miss MacBree," Sherwood added, "I beg that you will hear the facts before you judge me."

"That I am willing to do," she replied. "Until then don't misunderstand me, either!"

She spoke amicably, but it was clear that light was needed before she could accept the situation unreservedly—the perplexities were too deep to take with closed eyes.

The Ben Nord men who had been lured to the mountain top now came hurrying down, and, the final shadow of trouble dispelled, Dan Garley was put in charge and certain of those present at the mansion went indoors.

Before Napoleon Knight went with the night-owls to the grove he had taken one precaution, and only one; he had directed Sam and Lute to take him to Doctor Mason, if anything went ill with him. Recovering from his swoon he found himself in fair physical condition, and with his past restored—and the more recent life at Ben Nord absolutely blotted out. When Sam mentioned Doctor Mason, the victim of fate knew no more about him than what was told, but he ordered prompt travel to the medical man's house.

They went, and the doctor entered into the case with zeal and good judgment. He told Sherwood much that had occurred at Scarlock, and with clearness of which the night-owls were incapable. He knew, too, of the strained relations existing between the rival outfits, and realized that Nettleton, the business man of the Liberty concern, should have the truth without delay.

At this juncture four men arrived in saddle with dripping horses. At their head rode Detective Martin, alias Charley Clark, of Singer Station, and, as circumstances brought that unraveller of mysteries out of an abyss of fog, he took the helm immediately.

The quartette—Sherwood, Martin, and the lesser detectives—went in haste to Pentland, and Nettleton was soon in possession of the facts. The lawyer did not need to take Sherwood's word for anything—Martin was the legal gentleman's hired man, and Martin knew the truth.

Preparations were made at once to go to Liberty. Sherwood and Martin went first, hoping to meet Nate Wolfe there, and Nettleton staying briefly to attend to necessary business. Sherwood's strength did not permit him to travel rapidly, and the lawyer, in the end, gained upon him. The excitement at Ben Nord drew the leading pair there. In the meanwhile, Nate Wolfe, released from MacBree's cellar by Carlos Blakell, had started wildly for Nettleton's, feeling that only that person could save the situation; but Wolfe met Nettleton at the foot of Scarlock, and returned with him.

Because of all this, the parties most concerned reached the mansion close together, as has been seen.

Upon entering the MacBree mansion Sibyl went first to see that all was well with her father and Sandy, and Mr. Nettleton, sitting with Sherwood and Martin, asked the recovered man certain questions, which led Sherwood to go over his experience in summary.

"It is hard for me to understand the deed that Belden Knapp did," he said musingly. "He and I were long friends in various places where we worked at lumbering, herding, mining and the like. Once, he saved my life from the knife of a Mexican who would have stabbed me, and I was deeply grateful, and—I liked him!

"I can now see what all his talk about his being 'Napoleon' meant. He admitted that he had some great scheme in mind, but would not tell me what. I found out to my sorrow. His Napoleonic stroke was to be the acquisition of Liberty claim by murdering me. He knew that nobody at Scarlock was acquainted with my appearance.

"The shooting in the grove was a deliberate attempt at murder. Looking back, I cannot blind myself to that. His pretended alarm of 'Indians' was all moonshine; there were no Indians. He fired his first shot facing me, his revolver pointed fully at me. My own revolver was cocked; it went off by chance. Then Knapp fired again, advancing upon me, his weapon almost in my face. That's the last I know. You have heard how Sam and Lute found me senseless.

"I know nothing about my life here as Napoleon Knight. I am told that I remembered the nicknames, 'Slap' and 'Shrug,' and well I might. They were the names applied to Belden Knapp and myself. It seems, too, that Knapp's talk about his being 'Napoleon' caused that name to haunt me. It seems odd to me that I monopolized the Knapp's habit of shrugging his shoulders, thus taking up both the mannerisms that gained for us our sobriquets. I am told, too, that the bray of a mule, here, always gave me a start. No wonder. When Knapp was butchering me in the grove that sound—the bray of one of the mules there—was really what aroused me to face the coming horror. Doctor Mason says he long ago commented on the strange fact that, as Napoleon Knight, I remembered 'Slap' and 'Shrug,' as names, and not the real names of the parties bearing them. Why it was so must remain untold. As the doctor says, the trend of the fancies of a disordered mind cannot be accounted for by a sane person.

"What most interests me is my antipathy against Liberty claim. On the whole, I am glad that I don't remember it; what you have told me is quite enough. Liberty was my own property, yet, as Napoleon Knight, I was full of zeal to destroy it—to destroy my own fortune. Mason tells me that I was a monomaniac on that subject—let it go at that!"

Sibyl appeared at this juncture, and when she was seated Lawyer Nettleton smiled and pleasantly said:

"Let me, without delay, tell the story of the last few weeks, as we of Liberty claim saw it and know it.

"Ezekiel Dalton died intestate, and his sole heir was Asa Sherwood. I wrote to the latter, notified him of his inheritance, and sending certain schedules of his property. Then we waited for him to come. He became due—over-due! We grew surprised, perplexed, annoyed. Why didn't Sherwood come to claim his own?

"I sent men to hunt him up and hasten his laggard movements. Still he did not come.

"Matters finally got bad at Liberty. The men should have been paid, but there was no one with authority to pay them. Certain creditors desired their pay, and there was nobody to pay them. Liberty, with a fine reputation for quick settlement of all obligations, could pay nobody. Still Sherwood did not come.

"Now, here is the main point. Ezekiel Dalton's estate should have been in the probate office, but there was no heir to ask for letters of administration. Of course I, as business man for the property, or even a creditor, could have applied for such letters to the judge of probate, but there was an impediment. Nobody knows whether Scarlock lies in Oregon or California. To whom should we apply? Here was a situation that could have been settled, in time, but possibly only after a dispute and legal struggle between two sovereign States. Certainly long delay would have followed. Knowing this we took no legal step, but waited for Sherwood. He did not come. Each day we expected him; each day we said—Nate Wolfe and I—'He will be here tomorrow!' But he did not come.

"My searchers had thus far been private individuals. Now I put three parties of detectives on the trail, of which one was headed by Mr. Martin, here present.

"Sherwood continued missing, and Wolfe and I felt that we must do something. Yes, we would resort to a little diplomacy—just for a day or two, for, we hopefully argued, Sherwood would soon come.

"Wolfe, with my approval, took one of his best-known men, put him in a room of Liberty mansion, shut him up tight, and we announced that Sherwood was come, ill and afflicted with weak eyes, and so forth. Nobody but Wolfe saw him near at hand. From this you see that the so-called 'weak-eyed man' was not a myth, but was a fraud. Still Sherwood did not come.

"We quickly found that we had made a mistake. We had to pay out money to our hands and to our creditors. Somebody's signature was needed. I told Wolfe that we must take a slight liberty with the law. It was not professional in me, but then—Sherwood would soon be at Liberty, and, of course—so we thought—would pardon us for what we did, seeing that it was to save his interests from trouble. Our weak-eyed man could not write his name, let alone another's. We packed him off to San Francisco, came to Ben Nord, interviewed James Anderson—the gentleman staying with you here—and made him an offer to assume Sherwood's identity until the latter came. Anderson promptly exhibited a timid streak, but he was hard up financially, and he finally accepted. Thus, he appeared at Liberty as Sherwood, a fraud who could go abroad if he wished, and, what was more important transact the business we planned for him.

"As far as I know, Anderson is just what he has told you—an idle traveler across country; but Anderson has mysteriously disappeared. I can only suspect that he got frightened by the fraud he was mixed up with—I know, Sherwood, that he was badly frightened when those papers showed up, brought by the Indian. Yes, I think he has skipped!"

The lawyer paused a moment, and then added:

"About those papers: Anderson had them the day before he disappeared. Next, they were found in Napoleon's room by Wolfe. Now, Anderson was a well-meaning man, and I suspect that he brought the papers secretly to your room, Sherwood. Possibly if you could remember—but it doesn't matter. Now, Mr. Martin, it's your turn."

The detective smiled.

"I'll keep you but a moment, good folks. When I was hired by Mr. Nettleton, I first went direct to where Mr. Sherwood was when he recived word that he was heir to Liberty. From that point I traced him and Belden Knapp to Corway, where they started over the Haroback trail on mules—their eventful journey. I could not trace them farther, and days passed and found me floundering in mystery and perplexity. Finally, I heard of a man who had been ill at Harker's settlement, with a wound in his head, recovering only to find his memory gone. I bit at that morsel. Questioning the folks of the house I decided that I had the first mile stone. I traced my man, found he had been driver of one of Spence & Kalet's teams, and so, at last, located him at Ben Nord as Napoleon Knight.

"I came here claiming to be an imaginary Charley Clark, of Singer Station, horse-trader, and saw Knight. I watched for signs. The barely visible wound on his head showed that he was my man from Harker's, and the fact that, when talking with me, he shrugged his shoulders more than once, had meaning. This had been described to me as a peculiarity of Belden Knapp, and I thought I saw my way clear. Understand, if you please, that I was acting upon the supposition that Knapp had made way with Asa Sherwood. I never expected to see the latter alive.

"Before leaving I put Napoleon Knight to a test. When Belden Knapp and Sherwood were traveling this way, and stopping at the hotel of one Fennell, they passed time while waiting for a delayed stage by firing at a target. The landlord carelessly watched them, and noted that Sherwood was a fine marksman and Knapp very poor with the revolver. I had learned this, and now, here at Ben Nord, I tested Napoleon Knight by challenging him to shoot with me at a mark. Thunder! Napoleon shot like Daniel Boone and Kit Carson rolled into one, and I was knocked out. This shooter of skill was not Belden Knapp.

"Going down Scarlock I raced madly back to divers points along my line of previous investigation, trying to pick up new threads. But Napoleon Knight still stuck in my mind, and I finally took a man who had known both Sherwood and Knapp, determined to have him see Napoleon. As luck would have it, we this morning found our man at Doctor Mason's. My new companion took a look at him and knew him—it was Sherwood. That's been my part, good folks."

During the last part of this explanation Sherwood's attention had been diverted. He was holding a sheet of soiled letter paper in his hand and gazing at it attentively. It was the same he had found once before, crushed down into the corner of the pocket, but he did not remember that now.

Seeing that others were looking at what he held, he smiled slightly.

"I have here a memento of the past which I happened on in my pocket today. Once, soon after learning that I had inherited Liberty, I was planning what to do, and Belden Knapp, listening to my words, jotted them down in brief. This is it: 'Memo: Learn to know every foot of Liberty claim,' and so on. It was my preliminary plan for dealing with my hands, and with business affairs. What interests me is that it is in the writing of Belden Knapp."

Unknown to himself the new lord of the ax had explained why, when he previously examined the paper in his room, the penmanship had not been like his own.

He abruptly replaced the document.

"In beginning my life as owner of Liberty," he added, "I trust that I shall no longer be the grim worker that men say I was here. I want no war, no bitter rivalry, no ill feeling. I want to see these two outfits live at peace with each other, and, having learned just who and what Fergus MacBree and his family are, I know it will be my fault if there is contention. There will be none!"

"Good!" exclaimed Nettleton. "Of late, all hands have, perhaps, made mistakes. Each outfit has suspected the other of crimes never committed, and evil designs never harbored. Light has come to us. For my own part, I apologize for all rudeness on my part, or that of honest Nate Wolfe."

Sibyl had been an attentive, but silent listener. Now, she broke her silence. She had noticed and read the glances that the sometime foreman sent her way. She had seen a plea in his now mild eyes, and she was not inexorable.

"As the representative of my family," she said, "I will say that I am sure Mr. Sherwood will be as good a neighbor as he was manager for Ben Nord. Furthermore, be it understood that the MacBrees desire only peace and just conduct."

An hour afterward it was known that Carlos Blakell was gone from Ben Nord. He had seen the handwriting on the wall and slipped quietly away. His destination was San Francisco. A week later Miss Janie traveled the same course, and, a few weeks later they were married. Ben Nord never saw them again.

Fergus MacBree and Sandy fully recovered, cared for skillfully by Doctor Mason. Sherwood meted out punishment to only one man; Manuel was handed over to the law, but he soon broke jail, took vessel for South America, and was drowned off Cape Pedro.

Sherwood was ambitious to clear up the missing links in his life, and detectives were put on the track. James Anderson was found in the State of Washington, briskly walking the country. Alarmed, at first, when he was questioned, he finally consented to write the following lines:

"I am just what I always claimed to be, James Anderson, gentleman tourist. When traveling, I accept private hospitality, if possible. If not, I stop at public houses. Some people of the latter cult say I do not pay my bills. No other misdemeanor can be alleged against me, and I think it ill breeding for a man to give too much thought to what somebody owes him. When I was at MacBree's, the offer of money tempted me to pose for a time as master of Liberty. I finally got scared, went to Ben Nord by night, entered Sherwood's room, placed those confounded papers there and then got out. That's all."

Next, the men, who were merely casual travelers, were located who had found Belden Knapp's body and buried it. Lastly, a miner was run down in the California mountains who had given the papers to the Indian. He had found them in the grove, where Knapp, kicked to death, had dropped them, carried them some weeks, and then given them to the red man. The handkerchief was his private property.

Asa Sherwood, as master of Liberty, was keen, alert, and prudent, but great good nature ruled where once the grimness of Napoleon Knight reigned. His relations with the MacBrees were invariably cordial, and his rivalry straightforward and honorable.

In one respect, and only one, did he exhibit even covetousness. He aspired to possess a certain part of the MacBree treasure, and obtained it. It was Sibyl. Married, they united the Scarlock property indissolubly, and the rival lords of the ax forever dropped their vendetta.

The end.

Life Made Comfortable.

Borem—Still live in Jersey, eh?

Hustler—Yes; I have no thought of coming back to the city.

Borem—But it must be very inconvenient, forty minutes by train and fifteen by boat every day, and you've got to catch both right on the minute.

Hustler—That's what I like about it. You see when people buttonhole me and get to talking, all I have to do is to jerk out my watch, mutter something about train time, and I get away without giving offense. See?

Borem—Ha, ha! That's good. That reminds me of a little thing Saphead was telling last——"

Hustler—By the way, it's train time now. Ta-ta!

Silencing Hubby.

Young Father (in the future)—Great Snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild.

Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph, and put in the cylinder "At Ten Months." I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.

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Or, THE CROOKED LEGISLATOR

By Alfred C. Tozer

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CHAPTER XII.

COMFORT FROM MRS. HILL.

MUCH to his surprise, during the following day Duke heard nothing from Malone or May, or, and this was disconcerting as well as surprising, from the wife of the banker. In the morning he was certain Mrs. Hill would communicate with him concerning Louise's sudden departure from the city which she had done so much to set by the ears. But the day passed with no word from the banker's house.

Mr. Hill telephoned early in the day that all was serene at the bank, and that a few of the savings depositors were renewing their accounts. In the afternoon he told Duke over the wire that another half-million had arrived in New York exchange, coming from Philadelphia, to be deposited to the credit of Darling.

"What did Darling write in making the remittance?" asked Duke, certain now that he should hear from Louise, at least indirectly.

"The letter came straight from the bank," was the reply. "Say," added the banker, "what do you make of this?"

"I'm all up in the air," was the reply.

"Well," said Mr. Hill, "this man Darling has the money all right, and he saved my neck yesterday. And he wouldn't even permit me to thank him!"

Duke hesitated a moment, and then asked the question which was on his mind:

"How do Mrs. Hill and Louise find themselves after the excitement of yesterday?"

There was a click at the other end of the wire. Mr. Hill had rung off without making reply. Perhaps he had not heard the question!

It was a busy day in the Herald office, and Duke was glad of the work which kept him so steadily at his desk. He heard nothing whatever from the iron mill crowd. All the ignorant foreigners who had raged against him so fiercely the day before seemed to have gone back to their work. No, not all, for some of the misguided ones were dead, and many others were in hospitals and in prison, as good as dead to the world for many years to come.

The city was in mourning, for bystanders not at all concerned in the riot had been killed, and the newspaper office was thronged by those seeking to know the results of the reporters' work before they could be put in type and shown in an extra. When the young editor went upon the street he was greeted with enthusiasm by the better element of business and professional men, and everywhere Malone was condemned. However, the iron master had his friends, and powerful ones, too, but these were not doing any talking just at that time.

A dozen times during the day Duke decided that he would not visit Mrs. Hill until sent for, would not ask for Louise until some explanation of her act of the night before had been made, but when evening came he dressed in haste and presented himself at the door of the banker's home. He found the lights low in the parlor and the banker away. Mrs. Hill sat alone before the library fire.

"I have been expecting you all day," she said, advancing to meet him and drawing a chair close to her own in front of the grate.

Duke excused himself on the plea of business, and sat for a long time gazing moodily at the flames in the grate. Mrs. Hill seemed ill at ease, but she did not talk. At last the patience of the motherly old lady became exhausted.

"If you came here to moon over the fire," she said, with a smile which belied the import of her words, "you may as well take yourself off. I have seen nothing but discouraged faces all day. Mr. Hill stuffs himself and hastens away, like a day boarder, and even the servants are absentminded and fretful. My callers have been disaster personified. Say something cheerful, Duke, or I shall go as mad as the rest of you seem to be. Say something encouraging."

Duke caught the brave smile and laughed. "To be perfectly frank," he said, "I came here in the hope of meeting cheerful companions. I've been in the mollygrubs all day. You appear to be in your usual good spirits. Is Miss Hilton quite well after the excitement of yesterday?"

Mrs. Hill eyed the young man gravely, questioningly.

"You know very well," she said, "that Miss Hilton is not in the house, that she left the city late last evening with Mr. Darling."

Duke did not raise his eyes from the grate.

"And you may as well know," she continued, "that she may never again honor my house with her presence."

"I don't like the tone you use," said Duke, not a little disconcerted by the words and manner of his old friend. "Tell me without sarcasm, as one lady should speak of another in her absence."

"Duke," said the old lady, leaving her chair and standing by the young man's side, her hand on his shoulder, "you are the most loyal man I ever knew. Any woman should be proud of your confidence and esteem. You knew when you came here that Miss Hilton had gone away with Mr. Darling? Tell me the truth!"

"Yes," replied Duke, "I knew."

"And you came here seeking an explanation? Don't deny it, sir! You want to know why Miss Hilton went away in the night with Mr. Darling!"

"Why," replied Duke, "I think I came here hoping to find that she had returned from a short absence. It is not for me to ask for explanations."

"Well," said the banker's wife, "she has not returned, and I believe that explanations are in order. Frankly, Duke, I don't like the way she left me, after—after all that has taken place since her arrival here, and I'm afraid I said something of the kind to her. So I can't tell you whether she will ever come back here or not."

Duke arose and moved toward the door, speaking not a word, only looking at Mrs. Hill dazedly. The lady stopped him by a gesture of her hand.

"Duke Gaylord!" she cried, "come back here, instantly! I won't permit you to quarrel with me over Miss Hilton. Besides, I think you might trust me to speak of her as one lady should speak of another in her absence!

"Mr. Darling and Miss Hilton were alone together in this room for a long time last evening," continued the banker's wife, after Duke had resumed his seat by the grate, "while Mr. Hill and his anxious wife sat in the parlor, asking themselves the question you are this moment asking me with your eyes."

"Do I wear my heart so openly upon my sleeve?" asked Duke, with a smile.

"My dear boy, your face is a mirror! What is there in common between Mr. Darling and Miss Hilton? That is the question we were asking ourselves, and that is the question you are asking now. And the girl left, after that, without a word of explanation!"

"You can't think the poor girl unworthy?" asked Duke.

"Before she left the house," replied Mrs. Hill, "she asked a suspension of judgment, and I granted her request. That is all, except that she sent this message to you: 'Kindly ask Mr. Gaylord to believe in me a little longer.'

"And now, Duke," continued the old lady, laying a hand on the editor's arm, "I don't like it at all. What can her friends say in her defense, after her departure in such a way and at such a time? Why, it seems that she dropped down here to set us all at sixes-and-sevens and then disappear again! Not a word yet, Duke! Do you know what that Malone woman will be saying? Have you any idea what your very honorable Senator May will talk about over his whisky and his cigars? They will say, both of them, that they made Harlan too hot for her! That is what they will say, Duke, and that is what their clacquers will repeat."

"Can you ever forgive me for bringing you into all this?" asked Duke, humbly. "Yes, I know what will be said, and that is why I regret her departure. As for Louise, I can wait. There are a good many puzzles in life, Mrs. Hill, and this one is all in the game. I can wait—and trust the girl."

"Duke, how many times have you met this girl you love so madly and so honorably?" asked the old lady.

"Not more than two dozen times at most."

"And, knowing nothing of her past, so little of her present interests, preference, and associations, you are willing to stand between her and the world, whatever the future may disclose concerning her?"

"Willingly, gladly, proudly!"

"Sometime, I may ask you to repeat those words, Duke. In the meantime, permit me to ask you a question. How do you know that Miss Hilton is not the wife of Darling? No; don't answer yet, please! I am basing the question on what I have seen. Why do you think Mr. Darling came to the rescue of the bank? Because the bank had gotten itself into trouble, indirectly, through Louise! That is why he has brought a million here! It was a generous recognition of the protection the girl has received at our hands. Now, why should Mr. Darling be so grateful to us if the girl is nothing to him?"

"She is not his wife," said Duke, obstinately. "She is the wife of no man."

"I think you are right, Duke," said the old lady, with a smile, "because she is an honorable girl, and I think, only think, you know, Duke, that she is in love with you!"

Duke walked home that night through air that seemed like wine, through streets upon which the benediction of Heaven seemed to rest!

CHAPTER XIII.

MALONE'S CHECK BOOK.

Although the young editor was often at the Hill residence during the days that followed his satisfactory interview with the old lady, the two did not often speak of Louise, though she was much in their thoughts. Duke was, of course, anxious for news of the girl, but he felt reluctant to bring the matter to the attention of the kind old lady who had done so much for Louise, and who had brought her husband so close to financial ruin because of her faith in the girl. He felt that Mrs. Hill had just cause for complaint against Louise, and especially so as the Malone contingent was saying hard things concerning their association, things which the banker's wife could not refute. Duke, therefore, said nothing, but hoped from day to day that Mrs. Hill would volunteer some information, but she never did.

The State Legislature had been in session for some time, and Senator May and his confederates were booming the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill, which had been introduced in the Senate by May, referred to the committee on special enactments, reported out at once, and passed without opposition.

Strong opposition to the measure had, however, developed in the House, owing principally to the opposition of the Evening Herald. Day after day Duke declared in black-face type that there was a job in the bill, and Malone and May were fighting him through the opposition daily. Malone had a strong and expensive lobby at the State capital, and it was openly asserted that he had a check book always at hand.

The bill was reported out by the House committee on franchises, but sent back again. At last Duke was informed that it would again be reported out on Tuesday, and on Monday evening, after completing his arrangements for visiting the State capital on the following day, he called at the banker's residence. He found the old lady sitting before the library grate, Mr. Hill being in New York on important business. She gave him an accusing look as he entered.

"I am leaving the city for a short time," Duke said, taking her hand, "and, before I go, I want to ask you one question. May I?"

"Oh, you men!" smiled the banker's wife. "You have asked the question already, with your eyes! Why haven't you asked it before?"

"I believed that you would speak when the time came."

Mrs. Hill almost frowned on her guest.

"Duke Gaylord!" she cried. "You are trying my patience abominably! You and your waiting!"

Duke remained silent, but a smile came to his face. Mrs. Hill certainly had some cheerful words for him!

"You and your dumb faith in the girl!" continued Mrs. Hill. "Do you think she will come back here and kneel down at your feet? She won't! How do you know what has become of the child? For all you know she may be seeking employment in the city again, as she did before—and not finding it! You and your waiting!"

"But I can't go to her," cried Duke. "You won't tell me where she is."

"You haven't asked."

"I ask now. Where is she? Is she in trouble?"

"One question at a time, if you please. Yes, I know where she is. Yes, she is in trouble. Now, don't go off the handle, young man. She will recover. You may give me a note for her if you see fit and I will forward it."

"Why don't you tell me where she is?" demanded Duke.

"There, don't begin to show temper," said the old lady. "You have acted admirably up to this time, except that you are too slow. So far as going to her is concerned, you must not think of such a thing. You can serve her best by going on to the State capital and fighting Malone and May."

"I don't understand how I can serve Louise's interests by going to Manton," said Duke, "but I have already arranged for the trip. I am going to put Malone and May out of the running if I can."

"When you get to Manton," said the lady, "register at the Capitol Hotel and ask for Representative Allen of Darrow County."

"I don't understand you at all tonight," said Duke. "You are leading me into this blindly, as you are managing the—the—other matter. What do you know about the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill, and why should I go to the Capitol Hotel and ask for Representative Allen of Darrow County?"

"Because those are your instructions," replied the old lady, with a smile. "I can tell you no more at this time. Don't think, sir, that you are the only one engaged in the fight against Malone and May!"

"I at least ought to know what is being done," said Duke, half angrily.

"I am telling you where to go for the information you seek," replied the old lady. "Now sit there and write a note to Louise, and I'll see that she gets it."

There was much that Duke wanted to say to the girl, but he could not find the right words to express his thoughts. At last he wrote "I love you," and threw down his pen. When Mrs. Hill saw what he had done, she patted him gently on the cheek and told him that he couldn't have done better.

"Don't forget Representative Allen of Darrow County!" she called as he left the house, his thoughts all on Louise. How under the canopy of Heaven was he to serve the girl by going to Representative Allen? Why should this man Allen know more of the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad matter than he did? Surely, he had led the opposition to it, and should have been treated with more consideration! He took the problem to bed with him, and rolled it about on a restless pillow all night, but nothing came of it. Nothing at all, save the determination to go on in the fight against Malone and May, and get what help he could from Representative Allen of Darrow County.

Arrived at Manton, the next day, Duke registered at the hotel mentioned by Mrs. Hill and sought Representative Allen. He found him, slow, cautious, evasive, and left him after a brief chat, with a shade of disappointment in his face. He was surprised that he should have been referred to such a man.

But there was still another surprise in store for him that day. As he passed out of the Capitol Building, whom should he come upon but Darling! The young man was walking slowly along in the direction of the Capitol Hotel, nodding to many on the way, as if he had been there a long time, and had gained many acquaintances.

Duke looked upon the trim, elegant, indolent figure with conflicting emotions in his breast. Darling had taken a personal interest and a desperate financial risk in coming to the assistance of the bank on the day of the riots, and for that Duke respected him.

He had threatened Malone with the police and kicked May into the gutter for words spoken against Louise, and Duke was grateful. But he had also taken Louise away at a time when her reputation was likely to suffer at the hands of gossips, taken her away in a manner well calculated to give a showing of truth to the evil things which were being said, and for this Duke could have called him to rough account.

The two met pleasantly that evening at the hotel. Darling seemed to be his old lazy self, and his manner toward Duke did not imply that there was anything more than ordinary between them, or ever had been. The enthusiasm, the good-fellowship, which had shone through his veneer of politeness on the freight wagon, when men were falling in the bloody way of the specie kegs, was not at all in evidence. In short, Darling greeted Duke just as he greeted the dozens of Representatives he met in the lobby of the hotel, and Duke did not like it.

"The riot seems to have left no mark on you," said Duke, presently, determined to bring that time back to the young man's mind as a possible promoter of conversation concerning Louise. "If I remember correctly, I have not seen you since that night."

"Jolly lively time there," said Darling, with one of his slow smiles.

"And I trust that Miss Hilton was none the worse for the excitement?" asked Duke, unable to put off the question longer.

"Plucky girl that," drawled Darling. "Quite well when I saw her last."

Duke wanted to ask a dozen questions, but he would not. It was his fortune, he thought, his evil fortune, to forever find that knowledge he sought of the girl in the minds of those whom he could not well question concerning her.

While they sat in the lobby of the hotel, talking little nothings when there was so much to talk about, at least to Duke's way of thinking, Malone and May came in with a party of Representatives and passed on to the buffet, scowling in the faces of the two young men as they came to where they sat. The meeting angered Duke, for there seemed to be confidence in the faces of the conspirators, confidence and impudence hard to bear, but Darling smiled idiotically and puffed smoke in their faces.

"Our friends appear to be taking matters seriously," said Duke, "having lost their toadying grins since leaving Harlan. I wonder how they like the situation here?"

"They seem to be well pleased with the progress the railroad bill is making, if that is what you refer to," replied Darling. "I hear that the bill is to be reported out tomorrow, passed to the third reading Thursday, and placed at the head of the general order."

"I understood that it was to be reported out today," said Duke. "Have you looked into the merits of the matter?"

"Not particularly," was the slow reply.

Duke believed the young man to be trifling with him. He had no doubt that he knew more about the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill than any one else not directly interested in its passage. Indeed, he reasoned, what was Darling there for if not to watch legislation of some sort, and this might be the very thing which had held him at the capital during the greater part of the session.

The House committee did not report the bill out the next day, nor the next. Duke was irritated by the delay, and was suspicious, too, that some underhand work was going on. Allen told him the committee was not ready to make a recommendation on the bill, and Duke urged him to have it reported out without recommendation and make the fight on the floor of the House. To this Allen would not consent, saying that there was plenty of time in which to kill the measure.

Duke was in despair when Allen sent for him one evening during the following week. The young man had not been well that day, and had remained at his room most of the time, going out only to send a few brief dispatches to his newspaper. His being sent for was encouraging, for Allen had heretofore paid little attention to him.

"You should have been at the capitol this afternoon," said the Representative, as Duke entered his room. "I thought certainly you would be there. The House took a crack at the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill."

"Why was I not informed?" asked Duke, in a rage. "Think of my loitering here all these days and missing the important hour at last! I should have had the story in the Herald this afternoon. Of course the bill was killed?"

"No," replied Allen, coolly. "It was not. It was recommended to a third reading and placed on the general order."

The editor's teeth closed with a snap, but for once in his life he had the prudence to restrain the angry words which came to his lips.

"The people at home won't like this," was all he said.

"Speaking of the people at home," said Allen, "do you know that May has actually created the impression here that the people of Harlan are not with you in this fight

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He who serves his friends is never out of a job.

A woman isn't necessarily wise because she can fool a man.

Many of us have cause to be thankful for what we don't get.

Economy may be wealth, but we'd rather inherit real money.

A slow way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

It's easy to love our enemies—after the undertaker gets them.

The worm usually turns after it is too late to make a get-away.

A good way to get credit is to make people think you don't want it.

The man who pays as he goes seldom gets beyond the speed limit.

If a man hasn't any extravagant habits he can afford to get married.

Nothing short of hard cash will make an impression on a heart of stone.

Fortunately for most of us we are not compelled to follow our own advice.

Man is tow, woman a spark—and his Satanic majesty works the bellows.

When it comes to repeating itself, gossip has history beaten to a frazzle.

The chief end of a man is the one at which he gives the undertaker a job.

On the other hand, did you ever hear of a man marrying a woman to reform her?

It's useless to go where duty calls unless you are going to get busy after you get there.

We'll never have Government ownership until Congress lets the people own the Government.

After lots of men have done their duty they hang around and wait for people to applaud.

A woman need not doubt her husband's love if he refuses to allow her to eat her own cooking.

There's probably nothing quite so unsatisfactory as friendship that requires constant nursing.

Sometimes a woman keeps on telling people how smart her husband is until she actually believes it.

When you bump up against something that you can't afford to do and can't afford not to do, what do you do?

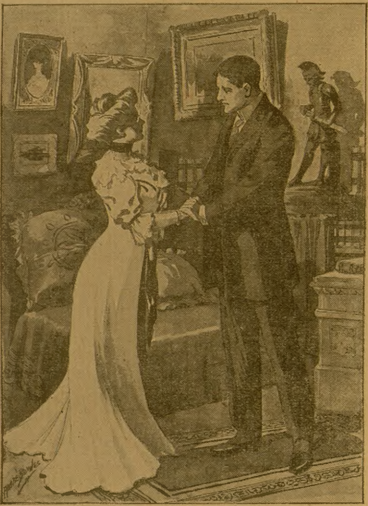
Every man imagines it is only a matter of time until he succeeds in putting all his enemies in the discard heap.

We know people who seem to know everything except the fact that they don't know how much they don't know.

The satirist can talk about the "average man" with impunity, because every man considers himself above the average.

When a man begins to argue with his conscience as to whether a thing is right or wrong it's a safe bet that it is wrong.

(Continued from page five.)



"Will this mean prison for Malone and May?"

against the Iron Company? It is asserted that you are actuated by personal motives in the row you are making over the bill?"

"I am not fighting the Iron Company," replied Duke, shortly. "And even if I were, that would not affect the truth of what I am saying, that it would be a public disgrace to grant such a franchise as is demanded by Dan Malone."

Allen paced up and down the room for a moment and then drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"The bill was ordered printed in the Senate," he said, laying aside his cigar, "but no printed copies have been seen outside the close friends of the measure. Even the newspaper reporters contented themselves with a summary of the measure prepared by Dan Malone's private secretary. To-night, however, I secured a copy of the bill as passed in the Senate, or, rather, what purports to be a copy."

"Purports to be a copy?" repeated Duke. "Is Malone resorting to falsification of the records of the Senate?"

"Wait a moment," said the Representative. "Let me tell you how my attention was called to the matter today. As I passed out of the committee room with the paper which I hold in my hand I came upon this man Darling, who has been much in evidence here this session. Now, I do not know Darling, except in a casual way, and I was somewhat astonished when he took my arm and asked for an hour of my time at dinner. By the way, who is this man Darling?"

"I don't know," replied Duke, slowly, "except that he is very wealthy, a brave man, and a gentleman."

"Just my idea," said the Representative from Darrow. "He is a brick, at all events. Wait a moment and you shall see! Well, he loitered over his dinner, and smoked, and talked about things of no consequence until I felt like knocking his head against the wall. At last he asked me for a copy of the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill, the one I had taken up in the committee room. I passed it over to him, and he, in return, handed me another bill, apparently a facsimile of the other. Here is the bill as it passed the Senate."

Duke took the second paper from Allen's hand and examined it closely. Halfway down the page a circle of blue, drawn about a dozen words, caught his eye. These words caused the young editor to leave his seat and imitate the example of the Representative from Darrow, who was pacing the floor excitedly. The copy of the Senate bill he held gave the franchise unqualifiedly to "Daniel Malone, President of the Harlan Iron Company, for ninety-nine years."

"Now," said Allen, "examine the alleged copy of the bill presented to the House committee. The words 'Daniel Malone, President, of' are omitted here, giving the franchise to the Harlan Iron Company. This mutilated copy was sent to us because it was the purpose to make everything appear to be in the interest of a perfectly responsible corporation at Harlan. I have proof that it was the intention to change the reading so as to agree with the bill as it passed the Senate, the change to be made after it had been inspected by the members in favor of doing something for the Iron Company. I am informed that the bill as first presented to the Senate committee also conferred the franchise on the company. You see what was done with it, and you may imagine what it was the intention to do with the House bill you have before you. In other words, Malone laid a clever scheme to get the franchise for himself; to betray the company."

"And I have been loitering here trying to block this man's game and never suspected," said Duke. "I am not fit for the position I occupy. I'll go home and send up a reporter! Why, this bill, as doctored, would place the company entirely at the mercy of Dan Malone! It would enable him to force terms from the stockholders who have trusted him. With such a franchise he could rob the company of its profits."

"That is the way I look at it," replied Allen.

"But why have I not been posted in the matter before?" demanded Duke. "Why, this discovery means the downfall of Malone and May! It means that I win my fight!"

"That is the point," replied Allen. "We were afraid you would make 'copy' of the discovery, and so ruin everything."

"And mighty good 'copy' it will make!" said Duke, excitedly. "Why, this amounts to forgery and bribery, for the persons who made this change in the Senate bill, those who set out to engineer this corrupt thing through the House, must have been well paid for their crookedness. Of course this discovery will kill the bill?"

"I don't know about that," said Allen. "Malone is using money. He claims to want this separate organization for purely business reasons. Be sure that he will face the thing with a bluff when it comes out, but it must not come out yet. Understand this is not for publication at the present time. We must reserve our fire for the time when the bill is offered for final passage."

Duke made no reply to this. He had no notion of being deprived of the sensation the story of Malone's treachery would create both at Manton and Harlan. Already he was planning in his mind the first page display for a news story which would hold the record for the session.

He knew that Allen was mistaken in his estimate of the effect the publication of Malone's trickery would have on the bill. He was certain that the expose would lose for the bill the support of every member who had not been paid for his vote, while Allen believed that the use of the story would give Malone a chance to explain, or even change the wording of the Senate bill.

The editor knew that the showing he could now make against Malone would place members of the House under orders from their districts, and that they would not dare to favor any bill fathered by Senator May, especially the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad bill. It seemed to him that victory was assured.

"Don't kill the bill entirely," said Duke, in a moment. "When it comes up for passage amend it so as to give the Harlan Iron Company a fair charter."

"Then May will kill it in the Senate," said Allen.

"Don't bother your head about May," laughed Duke. "When the bill gets back to the Senate, Senator May won't be able to kill anything."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Allen. "You must remember that Malone is on the spot with his check book, and that some of our members are aching to get back to their homes with a competence."

"But this is forgery," said Duke. "Malone has put a forged instrument into the hands of the House committee. And at the last moment the real bill, as it passed the Senate, would have been substituted for it. Now, how many members and officials has he bribed in order to accomplish this surprising thing? Forgery and bribery are serious offenses."

"Be careful what you do," said Allen. "There will be a hot fight as long as May has Malone's bank account back of him."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CASTING OUT OF LOUISE.

After the Representative from Darrow had taken his departure Duke sat down to write his news story of Dan Malone's forgery and treachery. By finishing the work by midnight and getting it out on the night mail, he could land the copy in Harlan at two o'clock in the morning. It was a long task, this putting into words the history of the bill and the story of the crime it had bred, but it was by no means a disagreeable one. Duke wrote easily and with a vim which exceeded all previous efforts at composition on his part. Next day, in the Herald composing room, the men at the machines declared the story a "peach," and printers praise copy only when praise is due.

The young editor wrote until he had barely time to get his envelope into the pouch for the night mail. His last work was blocking out the heading, which he did carefully, counting letters and spaces in filling his lines, and marking the fonts of type to be used in the display. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the lines, at least some of them, come from the advertising cases. The key line to the story was:

"Dan Malone a Forger and a Traitor."

The second bank read:

"Open and Barefaced Bribery at Manton!"

The third bank was as follows:

"The Records of the State Senate are Falsified in the Interest of Malone."

It was a heading which would be sent out to the Associated Press by wire, and out into the State in every direction, and Duke knew it, so one of the head banks read:

"Malone Plans to Betray the Harlan Iron Company."

"There," he said, with a smile, as he slipped his long envelope into the night pouch in the hotel, "I rather think that will give Dan a few bad hours! I imagine that Allen will object, but that is a detail. No living editor would pass up a story like that. It will jar the State."

He passed on to the telegraph desk and sent out three dispatches. One was to the business manager of the Herald, ordering an extra, one was to the editor in charge during his absence, and one was to the foreman of the composing room. The three messages ordered an extra at seven o'clock the following morning. This could very easily be done, as the editor could get the copy from the postoffice before three, and it would not take long to get the sleeping printers, stereotypers and pressmen out of their beds. The extra, of course, would be

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BEER STEIN and BOTTLE OPENER FREE!

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This Beer is as Famous as the Old Beer of Bohemia. It is Rich and Creamy, and Famous for its Invigorating and Stimulating Qualities. Every Bottle is Guaranteed to be Perfect.

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES
1 Basket 36 Small Bottles $2.70
1 Drum 60 " " 4.25
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1 Cask 72 Large Bottles 7.75

BASKET FREE

NO CHARGE FOR EMPTIES

You can return your empty bottles to us and we will pay you 15c a dozen for pints and 25c a dozen for quarts.
Write Us for Instructions How to Return Bottles

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2 Gallons $2.95

PARK'S OLD XXX WHISKEY
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Park's Rich Old "Aged in Bond" Whiskey with that delicacy of flavor, mellowness and fragrant boquet found only in

PURE KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Following Reduced Prices Made on Park's XXX Whiskey, White Corn Whiskey or Gin.

Per Case 12 Bottles $4.75 | Per Case 24 Bottles $5.25 | Per Case 48 Bottles $5.75

We positively guarantee satisfaction and safe arrival or money refunded

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$2.95 FOR 2 GALLONS PARKS OLD XXX WHISKEY REGULAR PRICE $6.00

Capacity of each Demijohn 124 oz.

DISTILLERIES SALES CO., Dept. 506 Kansas City, Mo. & Cairo, Ills.
Send Order to Nearest House

the last edition of the night before with a new first page.

The message to the editor also instructed him to send a reporter out to Mr. Hill's house and get from him a short interview covering the point of substitution in the bill, and showing the importance to the Iron Company of stopping the legislation where it was.

"I should like to be in Hill's house when the reporter wakes him up!" laughed the editor. "I hope Drake sends Crane to him. Crane will be scared when Hill raves at being pulled out of bed, but he won't go away without the story. And what a peach of a thing it would be to ask Mrs. Hill for a story covering the social history of the Malones. But I shall have to wait for that."

It was a sure thing that there would be something doing in Harlan after three o'clock that morning. Duke could not sleep for thought of it. He knew that the five thousand copies of the extra he had ordered for Manton would be there on the eight o'clock mail, and decided to sit up and wait for their appearance. So he walked the lobby of the hotel and thought of the newsboys in Manton and Harlan crying the shame of Dan Malone and Senator May through the streets.

"I wouldn't miss being here tomorrow, or today, rather," he said to the clerk, "for ten thousand dollars."

The clerk laughed and reached back to the case of pigeon-holes behind the counter.

"You newspaper fellows take the biscuit," he said. "I remember the time Farling was chosen Senator, after a long fight. Why, the reporters just sat here in the lobby for weeks, listening to the underground wires, as they called them. I used to put traveling men in their beds, and they never found it out. I don't see how they got through with so little sleep. Guess the stimulants they took kept them up. Some of them got called by their papers for their expense accounts, too, and that was wrong. Say, I thought I had a telegram for you in here. Came while you were mooning out there at the corner, waiting for daylight. Here it is. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

When Duke tore the yellow envelope open he saw that the message was from Mrs. Hill. Thinking that it concerned the story he was about to print, probably a note of congratulation, or a gentle hint in protest against getting honest people out of their beds in the middle of the night, he threw himself into a chair before reading it. But when his eyes took in the full import of the message he jumped out of his chair and rushed up the staircase to his room, the elevator being closed for the night. The clerk eyed him with a smile until his heels disappeared, and then turned to a traveling man who was just registering.

"Those newspaper fellows," he said, "are as wiggly as a basketful of snakes. They never sleep, and their nerves are ready to go off at any second, like a gallon of gasoline with a match attached."

"Plumb nutty, most o' them," said the traveling man.

The message which had sent Duke to his room to snatch his suit case for a trip home, or to any part of the known or unknown world, read as follows:

"Mr. Duke Gaylord, Capitol Hotel, Manton:

"The party you asked me about has strangely disappeared. No one knows where to look for a clew. Perhaps you would better answer this in person. Tonight if it is convenient for you to do so. You must be awake, for your man has just pulled us out of sleep at your order. We rejoice with you. CHARLOTTE HILL."

Duke had fifteen minutes in which to get the last train for Harlan that night, and the distance to the station was considerable, but he made it by bribing the cabman outrageously, and by vaulting the gate which guarded the network of tracks in the big trainshed. A night watchman yelled at him as he sprang over and made for the moving train, but he had no thought of stopping for a conference concerning the utility of such conduct. He swung on the platform of the last coach as the engine puffed out of the trainshed and glimmered away under the stars.

His position promised a cold ride, but anything was better than missing the train. Up to this time he had thought not at all of the sensation he was missing at Manton. Just a short time before he could almost hear the newsboys shouting the names of Malone and May, almost see the crowd gathering about them. Now his personal triumph was not a thing to be considered for a moment. Louise was in trouble! Of course there are a good many ways of looking at human motives. We may blame the acts of our friends, and show how much better it would have been to have taken another course, but no one will criticise a lover for doing exactly what Duke did. In fact, I think the ladies who read this bit of history will praise the young man for dropping everything else and chasing off after Louise, leaving Malone and May, and the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad, and the State Legislature, and the Herald to look out for themselves.

Duke closed and fastened the door of the vestibule and lit a cigar. There was a little comfort in the weed, at all events. Before the cigar was well alight, however, the car door was opened and the negro porter shoved his head and a pair of white-draped shoulders out into the vestibule. The shiny eyes regarded the traveler with suspicion.

"Wha—what—yo' doin' heah, sah?" he asked.

Duke handed out a piece of silver and displayed his mileage book to show that he was not aiming to steal a ride from the company, and was soon in a warm car. Almost the first man he saw there was Darling, sitting in the smoker with a newspaper before him.

"Hello!" cried that young man. "Anything in the way of news tonight?"

Duke took a seat by Darling's side and remained silent for a moment. He did not know how to meet this situation. He knew that Darling was informed of the fraud in the railroad bill, but he did not know whether it was best to refer to the matter. He was afraid that he might be coerced into giving up the extra he had planned. On the other hand, if he remained silent, he might miss some of the best features of the story. In the end he decided to hang to what he had rather than imperil it by trying to get more.

But the most important question in his mind concerned the disappearance of Louise. Did Darling know about that? Had Mrs. Hill telegraphed him, and was he responding now to assist in the search? Or, had Louise left her friends under his orders? Did he know where she was at that moment? These were questions the editor could not answer, and so he gave them up and resolved to be guided entirely by circumstances in his talk with Darling.

"How are the friends?" he asked. "Well, I hope."

"All well and very much alive when I last heard from them," was the reply.

"And Miss Hilton?"

"Quite well a week ago, and in the best of spirits."

Duke went no further. Where was the use? He believed that Darling knew, and was purposely keeping him in the dark, so he smoked and brooded until Harlan was reached.

When he came to the banker's residence there was a light in the library, and Mrs. Hill met him at the door. The banker, she said, had departed for the Herald office, resolved to read every word of the Malone story before it appeared in the extra.

"Will this mean prison for Malone and May?" was the first question asked by the old lady, as she led the way to the library. She was full of the subject, and the matter covered by her telegram seemed to be of secondary importance to her mind.

"Yes," replied Duke, "if the public officers do their duty it means a grand jury investigation and ultimate arrest. Malone and May have run their course in Harlan. But I did not come here to talk of them," added Duke. "What do you know of Louise?"

"Nothing," was the reply, and Duke caught a suspicion of ice in the level tone. "She has left her relatives and her friends just as she left me, without an hour's notice, without a chaperone, and without adequate explanation."

"And you have heard from her relatives?" asked Duke. "Who are her relatives? Where are they?"

"Her relatives," replied the banker's wife, "have not favored me with their home address. In case she comes back to me I am to notify a bank in Philadelphia. Notify a bank! I am ashamed of the whole affair, Duke! It is positively too outrageous for discussion! Think of that girl tramping off into the world like this. I'm ashamed for her!"

The old lady seemed moved beyond her strength, for she sank back in her chair and covered her eyes with her fan.

"If I knew the address of her relatives," said Duke, ignoring the censure in the old lady's words, "I should know where to begin the search."

"Duke Gaylord," cried Mrs. Hill, sitting straight up, her eyes flashing, "don't you dare to tell me that yourpurpose is to set out after this wayward girl and bring her back! If such is your purpose, don't ask me to take her back again!"

"But you wired me to come," pleaded Duke. "Why did you do that if you thought I would not come, would not set a search in motion?"

"Why," hesitated the old lady, "I promised to let you know if I heard anything of the girl. I wanted you to hear the shameful story first from me. I wanted to tell you, before you set out to look for her, not to bring her back to me!"

This strong story of love and political intrigue, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

BIRTHSTONES.

In ancient days the seers and astrologers gave to gems and semiprecious stones a magical power which brought to men health, wealth and a fulfilling of the heart's desires if worn constantly.

There was a stone allotted to each month of the year, so every one had his special talisman by wearing the gem allotted. In this day it has been a fad for the jewelers to advertise this old-time custom, and we gladly welcome anything out of the ordinary. Who does not like to feel that he may wear something made just especially for him? Designers of these unusual rings, bracelets or pendants rarely make a duplicate unless given permission to do so by the original purchaser.

Once in possession of a birthstone the owner is supposed to wear it day and night. Legends of the far East also tell us that there was a flower for each month; then later some one whose name is lost to fame incorporated the names of the months and the stones into rhyming verses, which we find appropriate to send with gifts on a birthday.

Beginning with January we have carnations for the flower which expresses the language of refusal and disdain with this verse:

By those in January born
No gems save garnets should be worn;
They will insure them constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

For February the royal amethyst, which shades from lavender to rich purple; it is also known as the church stone and is set into the rings made for priests and bishops; the verse is after this fashion:

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the amethyst will wear.

The cyclamen is the flower, and is to be found in all its glory during the bleak winter months, bringing cheer with the varied colors springing right from the soil in graceful blossoms.

March—"mad as a hare"—has the bloodstone for its own. It is beautifully adapted for seal and signet rings; the violet is the flower, bespeaking faithfulness, happiness, love and expectation. This is true in many ways, as a lover always honors his maiden fair with gifts of these sweet blossoms. The verse reads thusly:

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open, would be wise
In days of peril, firm and brave,
Should wear a bloodstone to the grave.

For April the diamond brings its wearer fortune. The ancients claimed this brilliant stone gave power to resist poisons, would dispel vain fears and bring success in lawsuits.

Those who from April date their years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

Emeralds have May for their own and their language is "hope," foretelling in the verse a happy wifehood to girls born in this month.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald, all her life
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

Few stones have as many and varied charms as these. They were great favorites in olden days and were strung on a silken cord like pearls to be worn in strands around the neck. Of late their rareness has made them almost prohibitive save to the very rich. They are supposed to shield from ague, to protect from storms, to keep passion and anger within bounds, and if their luster fails it can be restored by "steeping verdant oil or bathing it in wine." Soft, velvety pansies are given in May, a fitting flower to send to a friend whose natal day comes in the spring month, even if unaccompanied by the emerald.

The following verse describes the June stone:

Who come with summer to the earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
May health, wealth and long life command.

Sacred to this month is the rose, claimed to be love's ambassador. In olden days the rose was the symbol of silence, also consecrated to Venus. A pretty legend says that a red rose took its color from the lips of Mother Eve when she kissed it in the Garden of Eden.

For July, the glowing ruby. To it the ancients ascribed the power of a peacemaker between friends who had quarreled, and it also was conducive to health and strength. To prevent lightning, storm or blight a ruby was used to touch the four corners of a house or vineyard.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
They will then be exempt and free
From love's doubt and anxiety.

July's flower, the poppy, is most appropriate, bringing sleep, healing and balm in its glowing petals.

The moonstone belongs to August. The Romans called it "Lunaris," because they fancied it contained the form of the moon within its translucent rays. It was a favorite with the farmers, as it is credited with the power of making trees fruitful.

Wear a moonstone, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone,
It is said, must live unloved and lone.

Nasturtiums are the allotted flowers. Legends say it is a patriotic flower and considered a warlike trophy.

As a preserver from all bodily harm the September child wears a sapphire. It preserves the health and disarms treachery.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

The aster, meaning a star, is the flower for the first autumn month. Opals for October. In the middle ages these gems were not supposed to bring bad luck; on the contrary they were supposed to be endowed with the virtues of all the jewels which their colors represent. They kept off all the evils that could possibly befall to youth or old age, and were especially efficacious in warding off lover's quarrels. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott did a great deal to couple ill luck with the opal, as one of his heroines was haunted by bad fortune whenever she wore one of these stones. But the late Queen Victoria did much to restore them to favor as she always gave them in some form to each of her children and grandchildren when they married. The floral assignment for October is the dainty cosmos which grows so abundantly in the Middle States.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull these woes to rest.

For November the topaz with all its golden luster. Reliable authorities claim that this stone has the power of cooling boiling water if plunged into a seething kettle. Hence its power to calm madness, cool lust and avert sudden death. It brings wealth and favor also.

The chrysanthemum, queen of the fall flowers, breathing love and trust, is bleak November's legacy.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

Cold December has the turquoise for its own. Few of the stones are so endowed for it has a long list of virtues, among them that it gives grace and immunity from dangers to horseback riders, so Italians, who are famous horsemen and fond of this blue ornament, wear it as setting for rings. One thing peculiar is that to have the free play of its lucky qualities it must be given as a token of love and esteem and not purchased by the wearer. Appropriate to the Christmas month, holly is the floral emblem.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue;
Success will bless whate'er you do.

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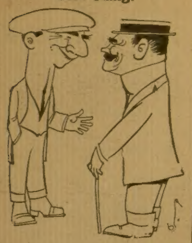
Note our proposition, remit us $5.45 and we will at once ship you by Express—Charges Prepaid, 8 full Quarts of our Famous 3 Star Whiskey and an additional Full Quart Free for Trial Purposes. Or remit us $2.95 and we will Express—Charges Prepaid, 4 Full Quarts of our 3 Star Whiskey and a Test Bottle Free for Trial Purposes. Also Free with each order, Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew.
After using the Free Bottle if you are not satisfied that you have received the Best Whiskey Value obtainable at the price, keep the Free Bottle for your trouble, pack remainder of shipment, return at our expense and we will at once cheerfully refund every cent paid us.
In case you can use a larger quantity than offered above, our price for a 5 Gallon Keg is only $12.50 Freight Charges Prepaid.
Address orders and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or
Fels Distilling Co.
120 Fels Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Fels Whiskey FELS DIST. CO. KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.

Don't like your gray mustache? Then make it a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE All Druggists sell it. Stylish men use it.

Sure Thing.



Longshot—Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?

Placer—Yes, when they are on the winning horse.

TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About the Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest and eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, these together with the sedentary habits were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got and I was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts food, and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape-Nuts with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power.

"American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated in nourishment."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Still Worse.

Mrs. Sympleton (looking up from her newspaper)—Here's an account of an eagle in Oregon stealing a little boy who was on his way to school.

Sympleton (looking up from his newspaper)—Here's an account of a boy in Pennsylvania who is on his way to a reform school for stealing an eagle.

FRECKLES.

It is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

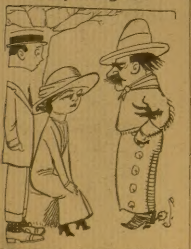
I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. White, Box 44, Dept. 1-E, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Prudent Lover.

"Why are you so reluctant to introduce me to your father?" a young lady asked her sweetheart. "Are you afraid he won't like me?"

"On the contrary, my darling," was the reply, "he will like you so much he will want to marry you himself."

Led by Sitting Bull.



Guide—Here is where the Indians made their last stand.

Tourist—Oh, I see. It was a cigar stand, I suppose?

Dangerous Sport.

First Lady (reading a newspaper)—This golf seems to be a very dangerous game. Did you see what happened to a man named Taylor? He went into bunker and was in two when he came out.

Second Lady—How dreadful!

"Yes, here are the words 'Taylor getting out in two, Braid secured a half.'"

"Does it say what happened to the other half?"

"No; but there was worse to follow. According to the report, Taylor then fell altogether to pieces."

Another Fake.

"Did you see the 'lightning calculator' in the side show?" asked the old farmer in the wide straw hat.

"By heck, yes," drawled the other ruralite, "and he was the biggest fake in the show."

"How was that?"

"Why, thar was a thunderstorm going on while I was in the tent and when I asked him if he could calculate where the lightning was going to strike he just gave me the laugh."

Too Much Company.

"Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid.

"Yes," yawned the worldly young man, "but—er—never before a chaperon, two small brothers and a pet bulldog."

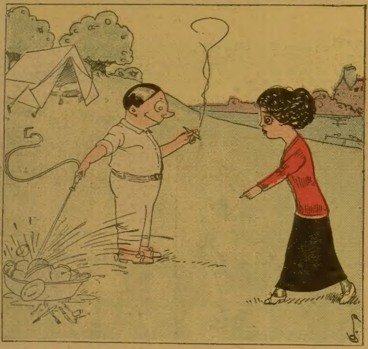
And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.

Higher Than Beef.

Hodge—Kangaroo steaks in Australia are very popular, so I'm told.

Dodge—H'm! I suppose those steaks are always on the jump.

AT THE CAMP.



Mrs. Sojourn—Gracious, goodness, man! Don't you know any better than to turn the hose on those dishes? You'll break every one of them!

Mr. Sojourn—No need to worry, my dear. This is soft water they have out here.

Only Way.

Bronson—My wife and I never quarrel. She does as she pleases, and I do, too.

Wodson—I see—as she pleases.

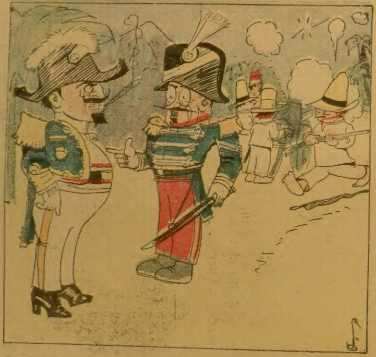
Bronson—Of course, I'm not looking for trouble.

Could Eat That.

Hickson—My horse won a ribbon at the horse show.

Kidder—A ton of hay would have been more appropriate and useful.

FOR PRACTICE.



Gen. Agondez—But why was the revolution precipitated so suddenly?

Gen. Bunko—Well, you see, we have been carrying on negotiations with a company concerning a new army oven and so brought on the revolution to give it a fair tryout.

A Separator.

Seymour—My razor is so sharp that I can split hairs with it.

Ashley—Oh, you could do that with any decent razor; but you ought to see the one that I shave with; why, that's so sharp that, whenever I leave it lying with its edge up, every fly that happens to alight on it is cut right in two.

His Fatal Error.

He was a matter-of-fact young man and after an acquaintance of two short weeks came direct to the point.

"I am looking for a wife," he said.

"Well, I'm not interested in your search," she replied, coldly. "If you were looking for a single woman, however, it would be different."

Bad Advice.

Friend—What's worrying you?

Manager—The prima donna of my company refuses to sing oftener than twice a week. I am making only hundreds where I ought to be making thousands.

Friend—I'd settle that. If I were you I'd marry her.

A year passes.

Friend—My gracious! You look seedy. What's happened?

Manager—I took your advice and married the prima donna, and now she won't sing at all.

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Have you tried various remedies for diseases peculiar to our sex? Suppositories and cones are mostly cocoa butter, olive oil or other fats. They can't cure you. Medical Science has discovered that these fats and oils prevent the action of the medicine. You should know **why**. I want to explain it to you. And I want you to try a remedy which **will** cure—which contains no oils or fats—just pure medicine that acts quickly and surely. I will send a liberal trial, and the explanatory booklet absolutely free. Address Ella Howard, Box 496, South Bend, Ind.

Stung.

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Glasgow are two huge dogs carved out of granite.

An Englishman, going by in a hack, thought he would have some fun with his Scotch driver.

"How often, Jock, do they feed those two big dogs?"

"Whenever they bark, sir," was the straightfaced reply.

After Them.

Excited Citizen—Do you know that the Graball Bank has closed, and not an official can be found? Do you know we supect they have run——

Police Officer—Y-e-s, we know all about it.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, what have you done?"

"Oh, we're after 'em hot an' heavy. We've already caught the janitor."

An Unsatisfactory Work.

Sculptor—Why do you object to this bust of your husband, madam?

Widow—It doesn't seem natural.

"You have admitted that it looks like him."

"Yes, the features are all right; but there's no use talking, the statue will never remind me of my dear dead and gone husband in the world. It's too quiet. My husband had St. Vitus' dance."

Eastern Sights.

Kansas Man—Hello! What's that?

Eastern Villager—That's a photograph gallery.

"That thing on wheels?"

"Yes. It's a portable gallery. What did you think it was?"

"I thought mebbe it was a courthouse drivin' to a new county seat."

An Insulting Agent.

Chicago Man—That ticket-seller ought to be discharged. He isn't fit for the position. Why, sir, the fellow is insulting.

Railroad Official—Eh? Has he insulted you?

Chicago Man—Huh! I should say he had. I asked for a ticket to St. Louis, and he gave me one good for only one way, just as if he thought I intended to live there.

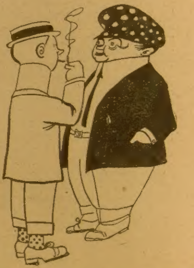
His Blunder.

He—Why on earth do the poets always speak of "wine and women" together?

She—I'm sure I don't know. It isn't very complimentary.

He—Of course not. Wine improves with age, and——

Oh, Sobs!



Norbert—What did Wallie do when Gladys wefused him outright?

Vance—Went wight home an' had a good cwy.

Case for the Court.

Algernon—What's this I heah about Miss Giltcoin agweeing to mawwy you and then going back on her word?

Percy—That is the stwait of it, I'm sowwy to say.

Algernon—Beastly twick, deah boy. Why don't you sue her foh non-support? You've got a cleah case, doncher know.

Dividing by Two.

"How many brothers have you?" the census man asked.

"I have four and a half," replied the dense woman.

"Nonsense!" cried the questioner. "How can you have four and a half brothers?"

"How can I help having four and a half?" retorted the dense woman. "I have nine half-brothers."

An Appropriate Gift.

"Mamma," said the pretty daughter, "what would be an appropriate birthday present to give George?"

"How long has he been calling on you, my dear?" queried the mother.

"Why—er—nearly a year," was the reply.

"Then," said the mother, "you better give him a hint."

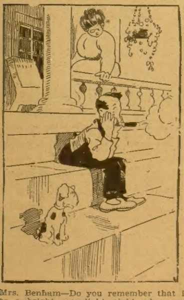
Their Object.

Banks—The women of my town have formed a secret society.

Rivers—A secret society? Surely, that's a misnomer; women don't know how to keep secrets.

Banks—But they know how to tell them, and that's why they formed the society.

Looking Backward.



Mrs. Benham—Do you remember that it was a bright moonlight night when you proposed to me?

Benham—The night might have been bright, but I wasn't.

No Time for Idleness.

Retired Business Man—I am rich at last, and now I'm going to find a perfect climate to live in.

Great Traveler—Good idea! I've always held that when a man retires from business he should immediately take up something that will keep him occupied for the rest of his life.

Between Stunts.

The Skeleton—Bughouse is in a towering rage. He says he is going to sit all over the new freak.

The Glass-Eater—Is the freak worried?

The Skeleton—Hardly. He is the "human pincushion."

He Was in Charge.

"What did you do in the army?"

"Most of the time I was in charge of a squad of men."

"On special duty?"

"No—they were taking me to the guardhouse."

Rather Rough.

Howe—And now come a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthful with the skin on as it is peeled.

Wise—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapple.

On a Par.

"What do you think of the weather, colonel?"

"Oh, horrible, horrible."

"And how is your wife?"

"Oh, much about the same, thank you."

Impossible.

Dr. Emdee—You're suffering from dyspepsia. What you need to do is to be cheerful before and after each meal.

Mrs. Haightwork—How can I? I get the meals and have to wash the dishes.

Advice to the Old Servitor.

"Sir, I have grown gray in your service," began the old bookkeeper, preliminary to asking for a raise.

"I was intending to speak to you about that," responded the head of the firm. "Get a bottle of hair dye. Otherwise the junior partner will be wanting to replace you with a younger man."

Art for the Animals.

First Farmer—I hear you are goin' to allow some of the big advertisin' signs over in your pastur' side of the railroad track?

Second Farmer—Yep; it'll kind of keep the cows contented lookin' at the pictur's when they git tired of eatin'.

He Couldn't Help It.

Spreckles—Silno seems to make a great deal of noise.

Prices—Yes; but he can't help it. I don't believe, if his foot was asleep, that he could keep it from snoring.

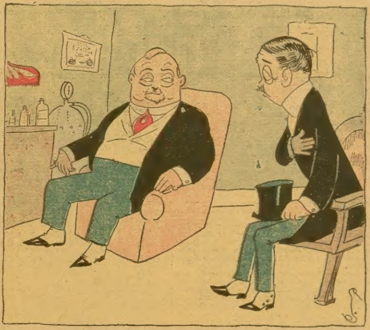
JUST LIKE THE FISH.

Said the fool-killer: "I tried today
All those fool fish liars to slay;
I captured a few
Of the lesser crew,
But the big fellows all got away."

Stranger (in Dugout City, Kan.)—It doesn't seem as if this place could have 20,000 population, as you report.

Resident—Waal, it ain't got quite that much ordinarily. You see we took the census the day the circus was in town.

UP TO DATE.



Patient—Doctor, I've sprained my right wrist and want you to have a look at it.

Modern Specialist—I'm sorry; but I can do nothing for you. I specialize in ailments and diseases of the left thumb only.

An Expert Hunter.

"Do you enjoy hunting?"

"No."

"Perhaps you have never had favorable opportunities for enjoying the sport. What have you hunted mostly?"

"Before I was married I generally hunted for a boarding place. Since then most of my hunting has been for flats."

Used Unlawfully.

Rector—Greaser has been arrested by the Government for using a form of simplified spelling in his advertisements.

Italls—I don't see why such use should be unlawful.

Rector—But he spelled "oleomargine" butter.

Diagnosed.

"Sure, and you had the doctor to see your husband, did ye?"

"Yes! He gave him a bottle o' bark and pupsin and a canine pill."

"Begorra! It's hydrophobia he has, I guess."

Sure to Work.

Sam—I wonder what will take these dark circles from under my eyes?

Jim—Why, I tell yer what, try a piece of soap.

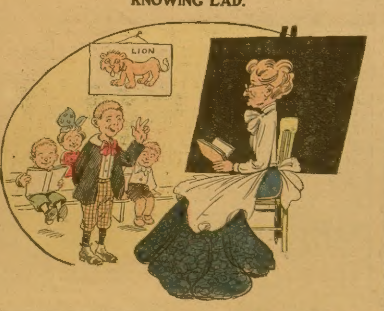
Why Tiresome.

"Bragg is a dreadfully tiresome chap."

"What's he been doing now?"

"He's been blowing about what he blew in at his blowout."

KNOWING LAD.



Teacher—Now, Tommy, if your father owed the butcher $65, the baker $20, and the grocer $40, how much would he have to pay in all?

Tommy Hardtimes—Nothing; he'd move!

Suspicious Industry.

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

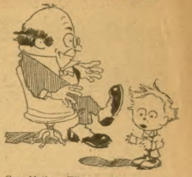
"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with the books."

Beneficial Exercise.

Mr. Pinkie (10 P. M.)—My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will insure sleep to insomnia sufferers like myself.

Mrs. Pinkie—Well, my dear, I will clear the room so you can walk. Please carry the baby with you.

Misunderstood Him.



Grandfather—When I was your age, my parents died and left me an orphan.

Willie—Well, what did you do with it?

AGENTS WANTED

SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY AND MAKE $18.00 to $30.00 per week. R. Nelson sold 60 boxes in 4 days, cleared $24. W. S. Cone sold 150 boxes in a small village. Guarantee is what makes sales. No holes for 4 months or new hose FREE. Permanent business. Need no experience. Write for instructions and agents free outfit. ANCHOR Mfg. Co. Dept. 308 Dayton, O.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 283, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

AGENTS be a salesman—sell our goods to merchants; 500% profit; quick sales; samples free. Hawk Specialty Co., Dept. W, Des Moines, Ia.

AGENTS: 100% PROFIT. Monkey Wrench Plumbers Plyers, with 18 other tools combined. Most wonderful combination of tools ever made. Lightning seller. Sample free for examination. Forshee Co., B.1209, Dayton, O.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN—We manufacture hosiery which outwears 3 of the ordinary kind; replaced free if hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E, 124 Girard Ave., Philadelphia

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures 1 cent, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1 ct. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4157, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

AGENTS WANTED Make $10 to $20 per day selling Solar Self-Heating Flat Irons. Best agents' proposition out. Sells everywhere. Complete Demonstrator $5.00. Write today. CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT CO., 106 S. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 1412 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB

Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.

Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

AGENTS 134% Profit

Patented Safety Hold-Back

Write For Free Sample

New Agents' Proposition. Every owner of a vehicle buys. Saves time in hitching and unhitching. Insures safety in accidents—runaways—collisions. Just out. Thousands being sold. We absolutely control the sale of this wonderful seller. $3.50 to $7 a day profit. L. THOMAS MFG. CO., 4117 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

MAKE MONEY EASY.

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4197 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

84 POSTCARD VIEWS different sorts, golden birthday, greeting, etc. The whole lot for only 10c postpaid. Send coin or stamps. Central Trading Co., Dept. X, McKinley Park, Chicago

MARVEL BAIT makes **FISH BITE**

Marvel Automatic Hooks land them every time. Beat everybody catching fish. We offer a FREE box and Sample Hooks for helping to introduce them. Write JAPANESE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 13, Clinton, Iowa.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 341 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

CAMERA & COMPLETE OUTFIT 25c

Takes pictures 1¼"x 1¾"; a "little gem." Leatherette covered Camera and complete outfit of plates, paper, chemicals, etc., together with full instructions so simple that a boy or girl can take photos of landscapes, buildings, etc. All mailed for only 25c (silver or M. O.) or 3 for 60c. CAMERA SUPPLY CO. DEPT. D1 FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.

Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 539, Watertown, N. Y.

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"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade Mark Reg.

The Pipe They Let You Smoke At Home. Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Order 2 or More Today.

H. MENGES The Smokers' Friend 137 [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

40c Three For $1.00 Sent Prepaid Anywhere Money Back If Not Satisfactory

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $35.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want LADIES', MEN'S or BOYS' Size. Address R. C. FARBER, E39, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE

$18 SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS

Safe--Swift--Sure

Perfect hammerless non-clogging action. 24 to 32 inch Genuine Imported DAMASCUS Barrel. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. Hinged breech block, all working parts covered up; snow and dirt cannot get in. Solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Taken down in ten seconds without tools. Black walnut stock, fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any feature named. Sent with privilege of examination if desired. Don't buy until you have read our FREE BOOK describing this pump gun and our superb line of singles and doubles. Ask for it today. THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 418 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U.S.A.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

THE BOY WITH MUSCLE;

Or, A 3,000-Mile Motor-Car Race

By STEPHEN ANGUS COX

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Begun in No. 26, June 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

GRACE IS RESCUED.

FOR a few moments they sat, paralyzed, and then Sandy exclaimed:

"Take charge of the machine, Gerald! I'll get back in the tonneau, and when you run the car alongside the horse, I'll lift Grace off the animal's back."

"That's it!" cried Gerald, and as Sandy leaped back into the tonneau, Gerald started the car. It was headed in the same direction that the horse was going, and Gerald knew that it was speedier than any horse.

"Save me!" cried Grace, who had evidently recognized the two. "Save me—Gerald—Sandy!"

"We'll save you!" called out Sandy, reassuringly.

The only fear of the youths was that the horse might be frightened by the automobile and bolt the track and dash in among the trees and underbrush, in which case the girl might be killed or at least seriously injured.

But the horse did not show fear of the automobile. Its energies were all bent on running—running—as swiftly as possible; and Gerald succeeded in driving alongside the flying animal without much difficulty.

Then Sandy leaned far over and took hold of the girl's arms. Now his wonderful muscle came into play. He lifted Grace from the saddle easily and transferred her to the tonneau.

"Now you are safe, Miss Hotchkiss," said Sandy.

"Yes, thanks to you and brother," was the reply, and then she lay back against the cushions and seemed about to faint.

Sandy was alarmed, but Grace smiled faintly, and murmured:

"Don't—worry. I'll—be all—right—in—a few—moments."

Gerald, as soon as he saw that his sister was safe, speeded up a bit faster, and when the tonneau was even with the horse's head, he said to Sandy:

"Catch hold of the bit, old fellow, and we'll stop the brute."

Sandy nodded, and reaching out, got hold of the horse's bridle-bit. Then Gerald gradually slowed up, and Sandy brought the horse down to a slower pace to correspond, and presently car and animal both stood still. The horse was snorting with fear and trembling with excitement, but gradually grew calmer.

"Poor Selim," murmured Grace, who seemed to have fully recovered her strength and nerve; "it wasn't his fault. I was riding along and a dog chased out from among the trees and almost under Selim's feet, and barked furiously. Selim made a sudden leap, and I jerked on the reins, and they snapped—and there I was, helpless! Selim was frightened and dashed on up the drive, and the faster he went, the more frightened he grew. I don't know what would have happened to me if you two had not been on hand to render me assistance."

"I'm glad we were here!" said Sandy, earnestly.

"And so am I. But, we would not have been here, had it not been for Sandy."

"How is that?" asked Grace.

"We will tell you about that at another time," said Gerald. "The question to be decided now, is what shall be done with this horse?"

"Turn him over to the charge of a park policeman," said Grace. "He can send him home, then, by a messenger boy."

"I'll tell you," said Gerald. "I'll take charge of the horse, and you, Sandy, will take Grace home in the bubble."

"You had better let me take charge of the horse," said Sandy. "Perhaps Miss Hotchkiss would not like to trust herself to me; I am not as expert at running an automobile, as you are."

"Oh, you can run one, all right," smiled Gerald. "You ran this one two or three hours with only one hand, you know."

"I am sure I shall not be afraid to trust myself to you, Mr. Hardin," said Grace, with a smile. "Anyway, I shall not feel that I am in so much danger as I was when on the back of the horse."

"I will do my best to get you home, Miss Hotchkiss," said Sandy.

"I wish you would call me Grace," said the girl. "You are brother's companion now, and will be at our home quite a good deal, and there is no need of our addressing each other by our last names."

"That will suit me fine, Miss—Grace," said Sandy, earnestly.

"Very well, Sandy."

Gerald leaped out of the automobile and tied the bridle-rein, and then leaped into the saddle and rode away, sitting sidewise. The horse was quiet, now, and gentle as one could wish.

"Look out for dogs," called out Grace.

"All right, sis."

Sandy now took his seat in front, and started the machine. He headed toward the southwest entrance at the "Circle," and was not long in getting there.

Then he made his way to Fifth avenue, and down it, and presently came to the Hotchkiss home. Here he drew up, and leaping out, assisted Grace to the sidewalk.

"You will come in and stay till Gerald gets here, will you not?" queried Grace.

"I suppose I may as well do so," replied Sandy.

A chauffeur came and took charge of the motor car, and Grace and Sandy entered the house.

They were met in the reception hall by Mrs. Hotchkiss, who asked:

"What is the matter, Grace? And where is Selim? How does it happen that you come home in an automobile?"

"The bridle-rein broke, and Selim ran away with me, mother," replied the girl; "and Gerald and Sandy happened to be on hand, and they rescued me."

"Gerald and—who?"

"Sandy," with a smile. "We have decided that there is no use calling each other by our last names, mother, as Sandy will be with Gerald all the time."

Then Grace led the way into the library.

"Father isn't here," she said. "Well, I am glad of it, for I will have time to get my nerves fully under control, and can talk to him calmly about the accident. Sit down, Sandy."

Mrs. Hotchkiss had gone back to her boudoir, after remarking in a semi-sotto voce tone that the horse would be the death of Grace, sooner or later.

Grace took a seat, and talked to Sandy a few moments, and then excused herself and went to her room and had her maid rearrange her hair, after which she returned to the library.

"I want to tell you something, Sandy," she said.

"What is it, Grace?" he asked.

"I want you to tell me what Gerald meant when he said that you would not have been where you were, but for you."

Sandy smiled.

"Oh, he didn't mean anything in particular, Grace," he parried.

"Yes, he did, too! I know Gerald, and he had some hidden meaning in his words. And he said that you had been running the automobile with one hand for two or three hours. What did he mean by that? Why were you running the machine with one hand? Why didn't you use both?"

Sandy laughed.

"You can ask more questions than a Philadelphia lawyer, Grace," he said. "I was just using one hand to get used to it, in case I might sometime have to do it that way."

But Grace would not be denied. Nor was she to be deceived. She knew that something unusual had been on the tapis, and she was determined to know what it was. But before she could ask any more questions, Gerald entered.

"I got home all right, you see," he said, lightly.

"Yes, and now I want you to tell me what you meant, Gerald, when you said that you would not have been where you were, to rescue me, had it not been for Sandy. And I want to know what you meant when you said that he had been running the automobile two or three hours with only one hand. What was he doing with the other?"

"Holding me, sis," airily.

Grace stared.

"Holding you?" she exclaimed. "Why?"

"Well, sis, to tell the plain truth, I had been drinking more than was good for me, and I wanted to take charge of the machine and run back downtown to a bar and get some more liquid refreshments, and Sandy would not let me. He held me with one hand and ran the machine with the other."

"Ah, I see," said Grace. And then she gave Sandy a look that puzzled while it pleased him.

"So you made brother stay away from the barroom, did you?" she remarked, in a tone that vibrated with feeling.

"He did more than that, sis," said Gerald; "he took me away from the barroom, almost by main strength."

Grace turned again to Sandy and extended her hand.

"I am glad!" she said in a low voice, and there was something in the tones and the look from her eyes that made Sandy very happy.

"Say, sis, he's going to make me over into a pretty decent sort, if he keeps on," laughed Gerald. "He took me to the place in Central Park, where you saw us, and he made me promise to not drink enough liquor again to cause me to lose my head."

"He did?" in the same low, intense voice.

"Yes; and I had to promise, for he threatened to resign. He said he wouldn't be companion to a drunkard, and when I said I wasn't a drunkard, he said I was in a fair way to become one, and that I would have to give the promise if I wanted him to stay with me, and I thought of you, sis," his voice becoming tender, "and told him all right, that I would give the promise."

"I am so glad!" murmured Grace.

CHAPTER XI.

"SANDY" AND TULLY AGAIN.

Then Gerald told Grace the whole story, and it was plain that he was far from being very angry with Sandy for what the youth had done.

"I'm not a fool by any means, Sandy," he said, earnestly; "and I know that drinking brandy and champagne is not good for me, but I get with a crowd, you know, and we get started, as we did this afternoon, and I don't get away till—well—I am taken away. I am going to cut that out in future."

"Oh, brother! I am so glad!" cried Grace, and she threw her arms around Gerald's neck and kissed him again and again.

As it was well along toward evening, Gerald said that they would stay in till after dinner. So they went to the drawingroom and the three sang for more than an hour.

Mr. Hotchkiss came in, then, and Grace told him about her adventure in the park.

He was somewhat excited when he had heard the story, and told Grace that she must be very careful in future and not go riding alone.

"Oh, such an accident might not happen again in years," said Grace.

Dinner was announced, presently, and they went to the diningroom and ate, after which Mr. Hotchkiss retired to the library to smoke, while Mrs. Hotchkiss went to her boudoir upstairs, and the young folks repaired to the drawingroom and had some more music.

An hour later Gerald said:

"Come, Sandy; let's travel."

"Where are you going, brother?" asked Grace.

"I don't know, sis. Downtown, first, and then wherever we happen to think of going."

She looked at Gerald wistfully, and said:

"Come in early, brother, please."

"Of course, sis," he replied, lightly. "I always do, you know—early in the morning."

Grace gave Sandy an appealing look, and he nodded slightly, as much as to say to her, "Don't worry; I'll look after him, all right, and bring him home at a reasonable hour."

They left the house and made their way to the Sixth avenue elevated and went down to Thirty-third street and got off. The Wellwood Athletic Club was near here, and Gerald led the way thither.

"I am going to recommend you for membership," Gerald explained.

They were soon there, and found quite a number of young men present. Some were in the diningroom, eating dinner, some in the smokingroom; others were in the readingroom, while others still were in the gymnasium.

It was a social as well as an athletic club, Gerald exlained.

They sauntered through the various rooms, and Gerald introduced Sandy to such of the members as he cared to. There were some he did not seem to know; at any rate, he did not pay any attention to them.

Sandy noticed this, and said:

"I thought, Gerald, that in a club of this kind, all the members were at least acquainted?"

Gerald smiled.

"You must remember that New York is a big city, Sandy," he said; "and this club has a large membership roll."

"True," agreed Sandy. "I suppose it is only natural that there should be some that you do not know."

"You are right."

They entered the gymnasium presently, and there they found Mark Tully, the fellow Sandy had been forced to handle so roughly in the barroom of the hotel that afternoon. Two or three more of the youths that had been with him there, were with him now.

The instant Tully's eyes fell on Sandy his face darkened and he gave utterance to an exclamation.

"There's the fellow, now!" Gerald and Sandy heard him say to his friends.

"Jove, I forgot about Tully," said Gerald in a low voice. "He is a vicious fellow and will no doubt want to get even with you. If I had thought about him, I wouldn't have brought you here, this evening."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sandy, quietly; "I suppose I should have run across him sooner or later, anyway."

"Yes, likely enough. It would have been like him to hunt you up."

Tully came striding toward them, and paused in front of them and glared at Sandy, who returned the look with one of quiet firmness.

Then Tully looked at Gerald and asked, curtly:

"Who is this fellow?"

"A friend of mine," was Gerald's calm reply. "His name is Sandy Hardin."

"Humph!" grunted Tully. "Well, I have a crow to pick with you, Mr. Sandy Hardin. You took advantage of me this afternoon, when I was in a semi-intoxicated condition, and handled me somewhat roughly. I am sober, now, and I demand satisfaction, if you are not a coward!"

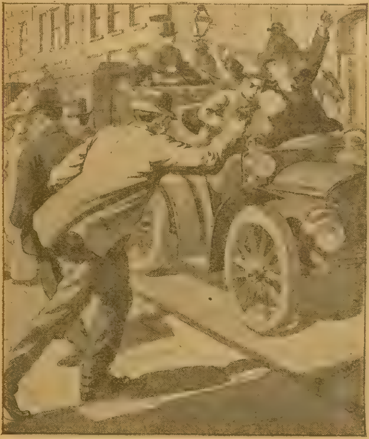
Sandy's tone was like ice as he replied, calmly:

"I don't think I am a coward, and I am ready to accord you such satisfaction as you desire."

"Very good," savagely. "We have light gloves here, and can settle the matter at once."

No time was lost. The gloves were procured by a club attache, and the principals of the affair stripped to the waist and donned the mitts.

The word had been passed throughout the club, and soon quite a crowd was present, all eager to see the affair.



"Take that!"

Sandy's magnificent physical development excited their admiration, and they commented on it, much to the disgust of Tully, who had long posed as the best athlete in the club.

"Bah, mere muscle doesn't signify," he growled; "an elephant is strong, but a tiger will whip it, any day. His strength won't help him any in this affair."

"Perhaps he may understand boxing, also," said [illegible] of Tully's friends. "You had better be careful and not hold him too cheaply. He made a good showing in the barroom, this afternoon, you remember."

"But, I was drunk, then."

"No you weren't. You had been drinking some, but were as steady on your feet as you are now."

"But my eyes were not right. They were twisted, you know, and I couldn't see straight."

"Well, look out that he doesn't twist them for you, again."

"Bah, I'll give him a thrashing that he will remember a lifetime."

But he didn't. When they started in it did not take Sandy long to prove to the satisfaction of all, Tully included, that he was amply able to hold his own, even in a scientific boxing-match. The ex-prize fighter who had given Sandy the lessons had been a good one, and he had been interested in Sandy and had taken pains to teach him all the tricks of the trade, with the result that now the youth had no difficulty in outpointing Tully; and when it came to actual slugging, Tully was not in it with Sandy at all.

In less than two minutes after the start, Tully went down from a terrible left-hander, and he lay where he fell, gasping and blinking, a look of pain on his face.

"Well, well!"

"That was a daisy clip!"

"It was a deadener!"

"Good for you, Sandy!" said Gerald. "That was a dandy jolt on the solar plexus."

The referee—the affair was being conducted strictly in accordance with the recognized rules—was counting off the seconds, and had gotten to eight before Tully was able to get on his feet. Even then the young man was weak and wobbly, and Sandy could have gone in and finished him up, likely, but he disdained to take advantage of his opponent's distressed condition.

So Tully, thanks to Sandy's magnanimity, was enabled to stay the round out, but before a minute of the second round had elapsed, Sandy succeeded in landing a right swing on his opponent's jaw, putting him down and out.

Sandy had really struck harder than he intended, and Tully was unconscious nearly two minutes.

The members of the club were amazed by the easy manner in which Sandy had disposed of Tully. The latter was a good boxer, and had long defeated all who had dared stand before him. As he was a bully, there were few who were sorry to see him get the worst of it. In fact, the majority were glad, and did not hesitate to tell Gerald and Sandy so.

Gerald was delighted. He fairly beamed. "That fellow swatted me on the jaw and caused me to take an unseasonable nap, once," he said; "and I've always wanted to see it handed back to him. I have just had that satisfaction and I am satisfied."

CHAPTER XII.

DOES GOOD WORK AGAIN.

Sandy was made a lion of during the rest of the time that he and Gerald stayed there, but he was such a modest fellow that he would have preferred not to have been given so much attention and admiration.

"You'll be elected a member, all right," said Gerald, when they left the club, about ten o'clock.

"That will be all right," said Sandy.

They walked onward, Gerald talking enthusiastically of Sandy's victory over Tully. Sandy would have preferred not to talk about it, and in fact, he did not say much, but, of course, he could not tell Gerald to drop the subject.

Presently Gerald came to a stop in front of an unpretentious-looking brown stone building, and said:

"Let's go in here a while."

Sandy was beginning to be a little bit shy, and he asked.

"What kind of a place is it?"

"It's a club," replied Gerald.

"What kind of a club?"

"Oh, a semi-social club. They play cards a bit, you know. It's quite a swell place."

Sandy eyed Gerald steadily by the light of a street-lamp near-by.

"It's a gambling-house, isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, some might call it that," carelessly. "But we call it a 'club.'"

"Don't go in, Gerald."

"Why not?"

"Because gambling is as bad as drinking. Stop it."

"Oh, pshaw; I don't lose any more than I can afford, ever."

"That isn't the question. It's the principle of the thing. It is wrong to play any game for money. Cut it out, Gerald. It's ten, yes, half-past ten o'clock, and will be bedtime by the time we get home."

"Oh, pshaw, Sandy, you aren't willing for a fellow to have any fun at all," protested Gerald.

"Yes, I am—reasonable, sensible, healthful fun."

"This is reasonable, sensible fun."

"I can't see it that way."

"Oh, come along," starting toward the steps.

He was halfway up them before Sandy made a move, and then he leaped up after Gerald and caught him by the arm and stopped him.

"You must not go in there!" he said. "Think of your sister."

Just at that moment the door of the building opened and a heavy-set, vicious-looking fellow came out on the stoop and down to where the two stood. He gave a quick glance up and down the street, and seeing no one near, he caught Sandy by the arm and hissed.

"Let go de gent's arm, young feller—d'ye hear? Ye hain't got no right to hold him up, dat way, see!"

"Yes, I have," replied Sandy quietly. "He's my friend, and I have a right to hold to him, if I want to."

"Not w'en he don't want ye to, see!" and he gave Sandy a jerk.

This aroused the youth's ire, and he let go of Gerald, and, seizing hold of the big fellow, lifted him and tossed him bodily up onto the stoop.

"Stay there!" exclaimed Sandy. Then he turned to Gerald, and said, quietly, but determinedly:

"If I am to be a companion to you, Gerald, you will have to stay away from all such places as this. I am not going to frequent, or even enter once, a gambling-house, and if you go in, you will go without me; and if you do that, you may consider that my engagement as your companion is ended."

The big tough had just scrambled to his feet, now, and with a cry of rage he leaped toward Sandy, and struck out at him with all his might.

Sandy saw him in time, [illegible] ducked, allowing the fellow [illegible] over his shoulder. The fist, not [illegible] with any resistance, to steady [illegible] the fellow pitched forward and went sliding and bumping down the steps on his stomach.

"Served him right," said Gerald. "Come along; I don't care about entering tonight, anyhow, and maybe I may decide to cut it out altogether, Sandy."

"I hope so, Gerald."

They moved down the steps, and as they reached the pavement, the tough was getting up.

He was wild with rage, and struck at Sandy with all his might, but the youth warded the blow off, and dealt the tough one in return, full between the eyes.

Down the fellow went, with a thud, and then Gerald and Sandy walked swiftly [illegible] to get into the [illegible] of the police [illegible]

The blow Sandy had dealt the tough, or the jar of the fall, or both [illegible] the fellow temporarily and he did not get up at once, so Gerald and Sandy [illegible] without further trouble.

"I guess we will go home," said Gerald, and they boarded a Sixth avenue car and went up to Fifty-ninth street, where they went down on the street and walked to Gerald's home, arriving there about eleven o'clock.

Gerald let himself in with a latch-key and they went upstairs to his room.

[illegible] in the room adjoining [illegible]

"All right. I'll go to bed right away," [illegible] "I have been in the habit of going to bed by nine o'clock, year in and year out, [illegible] get sleep [illegible]

"Nine o'clock—oh, my!" and Gerald laughed. "Just think of going to bed at that hour!"

"It is a good habit, Gerald. It [illegible] ter health and longer life."

"Perhaps. I'm not at all sure [illegible] I am; well, good night."

"Good night."

The two were soon in bed and Sandy dropped asleep almost by the time he touched the bed, but Gerald lay and tossed and rolled for some time. He w[illegible] to getting in at such an early h[illegible]

Sandy and Gerald g[illegible] o'clock, next morning [illegible] to say, Sandy got up and dressed [illegible] seven and managed to get Gerald up b[illegible]

When they went downstairs [illegible] the diningroom Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss stared at Gerald [illegible] Grace did not seem to be [illegible] there at that hour, for [illegible] in at eleven, and was expecting them down to breakfast.

"How does it happen that you are on hand for breakfast, Gerald?" asked his stepmother.

"It is quite unusual," said Mr. Hotchkiss.

"We got in at eleven, last night, father; that's how it happens that I am on hand for breakfast," with a smile. "Sandy insisted that I should come home, and so I did it."

"I heard you come in last night," said Grace; "and, oh, brother, you don't know how glad I was [illegible]

"I won't promise to be at h[illegible] every evening," smiled Gerald.

"You bring him, whether he [illegible] come or not, Sandy!" said Grace.

"I'll do my best, Grace," with a smile.

After breakfast was over, Gerald ordered his motor car brought around and he and Sandy got in and set out down the avenue.

Just a block north of Madison square, there [illegible] Gerald had to [illegible]

[illegible] they sat there [illegible] had been walking sl[illegible] ing furtively o[illegible] caught sight of [illegible] an exclamation.

The exclamation drew Sandy's [illegible] to the man, and he recognized him.

"Zack Bagley!" burst from his l[illegible]

"Yes, it's Zack Bagley, bl[illegible] the man, and quick as a fla[illegible] volver and leveled it at Sandy.

"I told you I'd get ev[illegible] from the man's lips. "Take that!"

Crack! The shot rang out [illegible] turning quickly, the would-be [illegible] dashed into the lobb[illegible] and dart[illegible] carried s[illegible]

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A Woman Scorned;

Or, THE TRAIL OF A FLOWER

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

THE mansion in Decatur place seemed deserted. The brilliant lights that were wont to shine from its great windows were wanting, and for several days nothing had been seen of the woman of the subtle perfume.

Mrs. King-Dupont, known to the reader as the Countess Plass, seemed to have taken flight, but she was still much in evidence.

In another part of the city and in a house which did not compare with the one where she had kept such lofty state, she stood looking down upon a form half enveloped in covers on a settee. A pair of eyes peered out at her and a long, thin hand lay on the white counterpane which she had thrown over the recumbent one.

Caliban was slowly recovering from the blow dealt by Dolly in the house in Wellington street.

"But for your hands you would not be here," said Dozia with a little smile.

The little man groaned.

"The wench has the strength of a giantess," he replied. "She beat me down with the heavy stick and, as you say, my mistress, but for these arms of mine I would now be a worthless heap of flesh and bone under the sod somewhere."

"You've been unfortunate of late. First the Florentine and then the American's love."

Caliban nodded dismally and turned his face to the wall.

"You will not go and leave me?" he begged.

"Leave you, Caliban? Our fortunes are inseparable."

"I like that. When I am well I will pay both of them back."

"I am going out now. You must not move."

Five minutes later a figure passed from the house and went down the lighted street.

It was the figure of Dozia, and when she ran up a flight of steps and rang a bell with just a little excitement, she drew back and the old fearless smile gathered once more at her lips.

The daintily-clad maid who responded to her summons ushered her into the house and escorted her to a well-furnished parlor, where she seated herself, with her eyes fixed on a door.

In another moment this door opened and she was face to face with Nova Sinclair.

The young girl halted at sight of Dozia and looked searchingly at the white face presented to her view.

"You are Miss Sinclair?" said the countess, about whom lingered the odor of the Madagascar flower.

"I am Miss Sinclair," and there Nova paused and waited for Dozia to resume.

"Come hither, girl," she said. "I want to get a good look at you. You are not a Sinclair."

"I thought the whole world knew I am [illegible]" was the response.

"You haven't Calledon Sinclair's features," continued the countess. "Do you know me?"

"Not unless you are papa's last caller."

"I am the last person who saw him alive."

"Then you have come to tell me why that terrible attack came?"

"Yes."

Dozia uncrossed her gloved hands and for another moment studied Nova's face in silence.

"Years ago, not many, our paths strangely crossed. I was younger then than now. I was susceptible to the flattery of men. Calledon Sinclair made love to me and in a foolish moment I listened. I thought that I should become the wife of the great financier. He made me presents and I, having not much to give then, gave him a simple gift, a rose and a ring. I have come for them.

[illegible] his papers," Dozia went on. "[illegible] heir, they must have fallen into your hands."

"I found them all," said Nova. "You shall have the rose and the ring, but this is not telling me how he died."

"No."

Dozia rose and crossed the room. She went to a window and with her back turned to the young girl, pretended to be looking into the street beyond the mansion.

Suddenly she whirled upon Nova and held out her hands.

"I came into the world passion burdened," she said and her voice was almost a cry. "I have in my veins the blood of a ducal house. I might have been happy, but for the terrible legacy my mother left [illegible] Pity me, girl.

[illegible] Nova [illegible] you."

The name seemed to go through Dozia like a knife.

"Ah!" she cried, "I know. You speak of the man who is Cletus McQuade's friend."

"Yes, they are companions."

"You bring back to my mind the ball of the grand duchess. You recall the insult that inflamed my blood and made me a tigress, curses on my mother! I did not slay him, then?"

"You only wounded Clay," said Nova. "I am sure it was no fault of yours."

"Merciful God, no! Where are the trinkets?"

Nova flitted from the room and presently returned with a little packet which she deposited on the table.

"They are here," said she, looking at the woman in the Morris chair.

The countess sprang up and snatched the package from the cloth.

"The proof of my folly!" she cried, and opening the package, she displayed its contents, which she tore away and held up in the soft light that permeated the parlor.

"Calledon Sinclair thought me dead," she went on. "In fact, I sent him from Italy the exaggerated account of an accident which befell me in the Alps. He had every reason to believe that I rested under the sod across the sea. What, then, was his astonishment when I presented myself to him at the Imperial that night? I came only for these things which I hold in my hand. His health was not good. A spasm of terror took possession of him. My mother's passion rose mountain high in my bosom. I told him that I intended to open to the world the one chapter of his life which he had forever sealed—his passion for the child of an adventuress, an adventuress herself, the woman who had played at Monaco, the one who swept more than one foolish man to his doom, the wife of General Conto, the—but why catalogue my sins?"

She paused abruptly and gazed in silence at the faded flower and its companion, the gold circlet.

"It was more than he could endure. All at once he fell back in his chair and with a sigh passed the boundary of life. While I looked at him he died. Afterward Caliban—you do not know the little human mystery, girl—came and, forcing his way to the chamber of death, wrote on the wall the words which must have startled and mystified the doctor and De Courcy. That is all."

The countess, ending her story with a smile, stood in magnificent pose before the breathless Nova. She had never looked upon a woman so strikingly grand.

"We shall never meet again," said Dozia, extending her hand. "I pass out of your girl-life forever. I ask no forgiveness. When my mother died she imposed upon me an oath to ask pardon of no living being. I shall keep inviolate my vow. I dare say you will hear of me again. The insult at the ball of the grand duchess rankles yet in my heart of hearts. Men have called me the Blighting Venus, and I may have deserved the title. You might trace my course through every capital of giddy Europe, for I have left a trail of foolish men behind. I have yet one enemy. I shall deal with him and then——"

She paused and waved her hand imperiously at Nova.

"May your life be without a cloud," she went on. "I struck to deprive you of a lover, but I ask no pardon. Don't pray for me, girl. Let me run out the blood my mother gave me. Ah, you're sweet, pretty and pure. I rejoice for your sake that you are not the love of McQuade, the American."

Nova saw her visitor move to the door and her hand touched the knob.

"Don't follow me!" cried Dozia, sending her a look of sudden passion. "Don't rouse the lion in my soul. I have the rose and the ring. I shall destroy both. I shall forget Calledon Sinclair, but the other one—the one who insulted me at the ball of the grand duchess, better for him if he had never opened his eyes to the light of day!"

There was a flutter of skirts, the door was jerked open and the next moment Nova was inhaling the stephanotis flower, but the countess was gone.

Out on the street she saw her look back at the house, the lights fell for a moment on her trim figure and then came the passing shadow of the Blighting Venus.

"What a woman!" cried Nova Sinclair. "May Heaven shield the object of her vengeance! Truly has the poet said, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'"

For a moment she remained at the window looking silently out on the avenue, but Dozia had passed from her sight, but not forever. A time was coming when once more she would gaze upon that dazzling face and recall with a shudder the passion of its relentless owner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REJECTED LOVE.

An hour after Dozia's interview with Nova Sinclair she entered the house where she had left Caliban, the spy. When she opened the door she started and, with a little exclamation, paused and gazed at the empty cot.

Caliban was gone.

Not content with the tenantless room she went from apartment to apartment, looking, but in vain, for the man who had been her abject slave so many years.

Not that she feared he would betray her, for he was too faithful a sleuth for that, but she needed him, she thought, more than ever.

When she returned to the first room she crushed in her hand the faded rose and cast the ring into a corner, where it seemed to gaze reproachfully at her.

"Sign of a foolish moment, rust where ye are!" she exclaimed. "I have work on hand. If my mother had never borne me there might yet be for me a future rimmed with roses, but——"

She paused, for the outer door had opened and there were footsteps in the hall. Watching the portal with eager eyes, the Blighting Venus fell back and waited with bated breath.

In another moment she stood face to face with Doctor Sinelli.

The little man with the strange eyes advanced and dropped into a chair, still regarding her.

"You look flustered, my dear," he said with one of his enigmatical smiles.

"No," laughed Dozia, "my pulse, please," and she put out one of her hands, the delicate veins of which shone pink through the silken skin.

Doctor Sinelli, with a professional gesture, took the wrist in his hands and silently counted the beats.

"A slight flutter above the normal," said he.

The countess laughed again.

"Is that all, and yet I have had cause within the last hour to send my pulse to the fever point. When are you going away, doctor?"

"I?"

"Oh, you are going," cried the woman. "You shall go. I have no need of you from now on."

"But, my dear child—"

"Stop!" interjected Dozia. "You are going—going back to the Old World, or where you please."

"And you——"

"Have no care for me. You remember the ball of the grand duchess? Yes? I shall remain till I have played the last card."

"To your discomfiture?"

"You forget the blood in my veins," exclaimed the woman. "You forget the inheritance I received from my mother."

She looked away with the last words and he noticed that her white lips quivered.

"Come with me if I must go," he pleaded. "You are free. We have been companions a long time. I offer you the hand of Giovanna Sinelli. I love you, Dozia."

"Love?" she cried, breaking from the hand which had suddenly taken hers. "There was a time when I might have thought of the tender passion. There was a time, my dear friend, when I would not cast aside the offer you make. But that time has passed."

A deep sigh, full of bitterness, welled from her heart.

"I can make you happy, countess. Across the sea we will forget."

"You might, but I—never!"

She sprang halfway across the room and threw herself upon the cot. He saw her bury her face in her hands and heard the sobs that drifted through the snowy fingers.

"Go!" she went on in a voice replete with passion. "Go, my friend. Leave me to fight out a woman's last and terrible battle. May you be happy over sea."

He came over to her, but her hands waved him off, her voice sank to almost indistinguishable depths, and again she fell full length on the cot and wept.

After all what a puzzle was this beautiful creature to him.

He had been her slave, he had followed her through her foreign triumphs, had watched over her diligently, beating down, now and then, the love that rose in his heart—and it was real love—hoping that at some time he could declare his passion and find it reciprocated. But she would not.

For five minutes Doctor Sinelli remained standing before the woman, his dark, lustrous eyes riveted upon her and his whole frame vibrating with the tenderest passion humanity knows.

"Go, my dear," said Dozia, suddenly. "The wall between us is a wall of iron. Would to Heaven I could beat it to pieces and let in the light of a holy love. But it can never be."

"I shall not go," he exclaimed. "You shall not drive me from you. The time must come when you will look with favor upon my suit. Forget the ball of the grand duchess."

"My vow! my vow!" came from the woman's lips. "You may think you know my sex, but with all your learning, doctor, you are a child in the school of passion. I cannot forget."

He took a hasty turn about the apartment and came slowly back to her.

"I fear you do not know yourself," said he. "Let the man go."

"Listen to me," and the beautiful woman was on her feet, looking into the liquid depths of his hungry eyes. "Shall I confess? Shall I lay bare to you the one chapter of my life which even you have never read? Shall I tell you that I am a wife?"

He uttered a cry which seemed to be torn ruthlessly from his heart and retreated a step, still looking at her as if he had suddenly heard his doom spoken by her pale lips.

"A wife? You, my love——"

"Yes," and Dozia held out her hands. "I am a wife!"

"You never told me this? I never dreamed it."

"No. It was the one secret I kept from you. In a moment of blind passion I spoke the vows which bound me to one of your sex."

"I pity you," and the intonation of the doctor's voice proclaimed the truth of his language. "Then, if you are a wife go to him and live in the sunlight of his affection. And may Heaven bless you both."

"Heaven? Would that I could breathe that sacred word sincerely. A wife? The thought cankers in my heart. Listen, I am the wife of General Conto."

"What? The Florentine?" cried Doctor Sinelli.

"The man who dazzled me. He is here."

"In America?"

"In this city."

"Impossible!"

"It is true. Just when he came I know not, but suffice it to say that Caliban found him."

"I remember now," said the little doctor. "You showed me the sunburst which you bought of the banker and mentioned that General Conto was here, but not that you were his wife. What a fool I have been!"

She did not speak.

Doctor Sinelli held out his hands and she took them in hers, pressing them to her lips in silence.

"If he should die——"

"All men die," she interrupted. "My husband is not immune. This is all."

Half a minute later Doctor Sinelli was at the door looking back at her with a face white with disappointment.

Dozia heard his footsteps die away in the hallway and then, with a cry, fell back on the cot.

"Now for the last play before I go to him," she exclaimed. "Now for the avenging of the insult at the ball of the grand duchess!"

She was no longer Mrs. King-Dupont of Decatur place, but Dozia, the passion flower of the land across the sea. She left the room for a few minutes and when she returned she was habited in plain black, with no rings on her fingers—just a plain-looking woman, but one with the most brilliant eyes that ever shone in a woman's head.

She quitted the house quietly and the night seemed to swallow her up.

"If Caliban has gone back to his old nest I shall find him," she said half aloud. "I must see him before I strike."

She flitted from one street to another and at last drew up before an unostentatious-looking house, the knob of whose door she turned, then entered the building.

The interior of the hall was dark, but Dozia groped her way upstairs and gently opened another portal.

The only light which entered the room came from across the street and it was faint enough.

"Caliban, are you here?" asked the countess as she allowed her gaze to sweep the room. "I have come, Caliban."

There was no response, but Dozia went forward to stop and gaze upon an object which lay on the floor at her feet.

The next moment a piercing cry welled from her throat.

She dropped upon her knees and raised the head upon which her hands alighted.

"I am too late!" cried she. "I have come too late to hear his voice again. Caliban, my Caliban, my poor boy!"

She stroked the white, cold face a moment and then sprang up like some wild animal aroused by the voice of his trackers.

"My mother's blood!" she exclaimed. "Oh, that I had never seen the light of day!" and she stood a statue in the middle of the room with the dead upon the carpet.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGE MESSAGE.

"Look at this!" said Cletus McQuade to De Courcy as the two, seated in the latter's room, had lately come together. "I have just received it."

De Courcy took the bit of paper which his friend extended and opened it.

He read as follows:

"To Mr. Cletus McQuade—If you value the happiness of the woman you love you will come at once to No. 633 Little Green street. Open the door and take the stair. The first door to the right. JUSTICE."

"It's a strange message," commented De Courcy, looking up into his companion's face. "What are you going to do?"

"I shall obey."

De Courcy pressed the paper against his face and smiled.

"It is odorless," said he. "There is no sign of the stephanotis flower here."

"You suspected, then?"

"Why should I not suspect since this passion plant still blossoms?"

"Oh," laughed McQuade, "for once I am puzzled. I think of no one now but Dolly."

"You're deep in the vortex of love, I see. You will go alone?"

"Yes. I am eager to solve this new mystery."

McQuade was soon penetrating that part of the city where Little Green street stretched its sinuous length.

Around him fell the light of the electric bulbs and his shadow advanced before him.

All at once a hand fell upon his arm and he turned halfway around and found himself gazing into the face of Doctor Sinelli.

"This is luck!" exclaimed the little man. "I have been thinking of you. Come with me. The Atlantic Cafe in near, around the corner a few steps. You are in no hurry?"

Even if it had been a question of life and death McQuade would have gone with the doctor.

He was conducted to the cafe and led to the most obscure corner where they seated themselves.

"I'm glad I found you," pursued Doctor Sinelli. "I want to say that I am going away."

McQuade smiled.

"Your actions are nothing to me, my dear doctor," said he. "You are master of your own actions."

The look which crossed the table mystified him. What did this man want with him?

"I am not a man of blood," continued the doctor. "Contrariwise, I am a man of peace. I have just been made the custodiam of a secret."

"Which you are going to share with me?"

"Why not? My friend the Countess Plass has just informed me that she is a wife."

"That is nothing to me, doctor. But let me say that I almost pity the man who calls her wife."

"Yes? She is the wife of General Conto."

"The name sounds familiar to me."

"Why should it not? You recall, doubtless, the handsome Florentine who made such a splurge, as you Americans say, on the Parisian boulevards a few years ago."

"Oh, the man who fought a duel for the smiles of our mutual friend, the countess, and got a rapier thrust in his side?"

"The same man."

"Well?"

"The General is here, in the city."

"For his wife?"

"There's no telling," and a faint smile illumined the speaker's face.

"What does the countess say?"

"I have lately come from her. She told me the secret."

"And told you to seek me out and give me this unexpected information?"

"Not at all. I am going back to my native country. America, after tomorrow, shall never see Doctor Sinelli again. I have been the foolish moth that flutters too long in the flame. Listen to me, American. You are not yet done with the adorable countess."

"I am still on her avenging list? And all for the word and look I gave her at the ball of the Grand Duchess Olga?"

"A woman scorned!" laughed Doctor Sinelli, and he coolly bit off the end of a cigar and looked over it into the handsome face across the table.

"I thank you for the information, but for the life of me, doctor, I cannot see how this secret affects me."

"No? The countess is liable to do one of two things—go back to her General and make up, or wield the poinard."

"Which is she most likely to do?" asked McQuade.

"I know not. You can never fathom woman. She is the most inscrutable thing God ever made. I sometimes think that she is a standing enigma to the Creator. I have spent years in trying to solve the puzzle of a woman's passion and have given up. This night I have seen what a fool I have been. I made love to the countess—you may laugh as you look into my face—but all my passion has been centered on the fair woman who calls herself the Countess Plass. Born of a mother whose life was all passion, she is not responsible for her hatreds. She is not done with the incident at the ball of the grand duchess. Take the hand of Doctor Sinelli ere he quits forever these shores and avoid, as you would the nest of the viper, the domain of Dozia of Plass."

McQuade remained silent a moment and then a faint ripple of merriment parted his lips.

"She's but a woman after all," said he.

"And gods, what a woman!" was the instant exclamation. "You have felt her hand. You know what it is to look into her eyes and feel the scorn of her nature. Beware. It was Helen who doomed Troy, it was a woman's smile that finally lured Anthony to his fate. The Borgias laughed as their fair hands mixed the deadly draught Charlotte Corday smiled when she drove the blade into Marat's bosom. My countess can laugh as she kills. That is all."

Doctor Sinelli paused and leaned back in his chair.

"Farewell," said he a moment later. "We shall never meet again this side of the grave. I take back to my native land the recollection of a foolish quest. I may never forget, but I shall not accuse myself of being remiss in my duty toward you."

He arose, and with his little finger flicked the ashes from his cigar, and bowing, was gone before McQuade could utter another word.

For a moment Cletus watched the slim figure that plunged into the night and then bethought himself of his new adventure.

In another moment he was also on the pavement. Already the doctor had passed out of sight.

McQuade once more resumed his journey.

When he entered Little Green street he was himself once more and eager to go to the end of his quest.

Presently he reached the house designated in the strange message and ran nimbly up the steps.

The door yielded to his hand and he found himself in a darkened hall. The dim outlines of a stairway loomed before him. His feet pressed the strip of carpet which partially covered the steps and he was soon on the upper landing.

"The first door to the right," he said to himself, and the door rose before him.

The next second he had turned the knob and opened the portal. A subtle perfume penetrated his nostrils. It was the odor of the Madagascar flower, and as he looked forward, with every nerve startlingly on the alert, he beheld standing in the middle of the room the Blighting Venus.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF IT ALL.

Never before had the passion flower from across the sea looked so beautiful. Regal in bearing, she stood before McQuade habited in her richest garments, her eyes shining with new light and her white hands hanging listlessly at her side.

McQuade paused the moment his gaze fell upon his wondrous vision.

She beckoned him forward with a look, and as he advanced she waved him to a chair. In an instant he realized that the letter was but a subtle decoy.

"You have come to me—at last!" said Dozia in her clearest tones. "The bait caught you?"

McQuade bit his lip with vexation. Down in his soul he was ashamed to admit that he had been outgeneraled by a woman.

Seeing his hesitation, the countess resumed:

"You may call my artfulness a sin of my sex. I am glad you have come."

He looked at her and thought that her cheeks went pale as the last words dropped from her tongue.

"You recall the ball of the Grand Duchess Olga?" Dozia proceeded. "Or, in later walks of life, have you forgotten it?"

"It has not passed from my memory. You have refreshed it more than once," and McQuade smiled.

"Yes, and why not?"

"You should know."

Dozia rose to her feet and crossed the room without noise. She stopped in front of a secretary, the drawer of which she deftly opened, and then turned upon her visitor. He saw that she held in her hand the black box which had reposed upon De Courcy's mantelpiece.

Holding it toward him a smile rippled over her face, heightening her color and adding to her wondrous loveliness.

"It came from you in the golden days," she went on. "I return it."

The little box was deposited on the table and Dozia approached McQuade until she stood directly over him, her dark orbs looking down upon him with the old, old passion which came into existence with the beginning of the world.

"I am going away," said she before McQuade could find his tongue. "I have at last beat back the surging tide of the blood my mother gave me. I have played all the cards of love and hatred. I am going away, I say."

"Home?" ejaculated McQuade.

"Home!" and the sacred word died slowly on her lips.

"I wish you happiness," said he. "I wish you joy yet in the life that is to come."

She hid one of her hands for a moment and the next it came forth and McQuade started when he saw that the long, pale fingers were circling the hilt of a dagger.

"Look!" cried she. "I break the sign of my passion-girdled race. I had designed to drive this point into the heart of Cletus McQuade for the insult at the ball of the grand duchess. But a sweet face has come between me and my promised victim. You love the girl?"

"Dolly?" fell involuntarily from the listener's tongue.

"The girl in Wellington street," pursued Dozia. "Once I looked into her eyes and my hand went unconsciously to this blade. In another moment there would have been a dead girl at my feet, but some good angel

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We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

MAKES STRENGTH AND HEALTH

WRITE TO-DAY

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 2577. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 5, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE

BLACK, WHITE, RED.

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in three colors, black, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways, as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one **free of all charge,** if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white, black or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To The CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one

(Color)........................Shawl, all charges prepaid. Send the paper until further notice to

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CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

stayed my mad purpose. Don't thank me, Cletus McQuade. Thank the one good seraph of my being."

With these words she drove the point of the dagger into the table before her, and with a quick movement snapped the steel at the hilt. The handle of the dagger she threw across the room.

"That is all!" she went on. "The dream of love and vengeance has vanished."

The silence that fell between them was, for a moment, unbroken.

"Pity the poor passion flower of a race accursed!" cried Dozia. "Men have gone to their destruction for my smile. In this city, even now, is the only one to whom I ever really gave my heart—a woman's all. I shall not seek him. In my guiltiness I shall not seek him, I say. He deserves my love, brave man that he is. Will you promise to return here tomorrow night at ten and bring with you three persons, your companion, De Courcy, Miss Nova Sinclair, and the girl you love?"

"I promise," said McQuade. "They shall be here at that hour."

"Good! I thank you. Remember—at ten o' of the clock. I shall be here.

She held out her hands, which McQuade took and held for a lingering moment whilst rushed across his mind all his associations with this surpassing creature. She looked into his eyes with the wonderful fascination of old; he might have been enraptured once more but for the face which at that moment rose before him, and pressing the woman's hands, he let them fall and went to the door.

"Good-by till tomorrow," said Dozia, calmly. "Do not forget. It is the last interview."

A thousand thoughts filled McQuade's mind as he hurried from the house in Little Green street. He was back again in Europe. He saw the beauty of Monte Carlo, the witch of Florence, the dazzling Circe of the grand duchess's ball, the avenging woman of two worlds—in short, the only creature besides Dolly who had ever claimed his adoration.

The night and the hour came.

The taxicab which halted at the curb before Dozia's habitation carried four passengers.

They entered the house and McQuade led the way up the poorly-carpeted stair.

"She will keep her word," said he, looking at his companions. "In all this world there is but one Dozia of Plass."

Gently he opened the door and ushered in his friends. The room was brilliantly lighted.

Reclining in an arm-chair sat the Blighting Venus. Arrayed in her most gorgeous garments, with all her rich jewels ashine, with a pallidness on her cheek, and with her ungloved hand resting on the edge of the table, she looked once more the envy of Europe and the beauty of a thousand fetes.

The odor of stephanotis pervaded the entire chamber.

Dolly and Nova, from some unaccountable reason, shrank back and looked at their escorts.

Did the beauty of the woman before them still their hearts with surprise?

"We have come, countess," said McQuade, advancing. "My friends are here." There was no response. The eyes of Dozia were not turned toward them.

"What means this?" exclaimed De Courcy. "Have you fetched us here, Cletus, to gaze upon the tableau of the dead?"

"The dead?"

The words were spoken by three pairs of human lips.

McQuade was at the arm-chair in a moment. He lifted one white hand and as suddenly let it fall. He saw upon the white face a remnant of the old smile which had lured more than one man to the net of love.

The two girls shrank back and shuddered.

They knew that they stood at the end of one human career, and at the same moment they thought of the words which the hand of Caliban had traced upon the wall of Calledon Sinclair's room:

"A man reaps what he sows!"

"Come," said De Courcy, in low and awesome tones. "The passion flower blooms no longer. It is dead!"

At that moment McQuade's gaze fell upon a bit of scented paper on the table at the untrembling hand. Leaning forward, he picked it up and at a single glance read the one sentence traced thereon:

"I have kept my word, but pray for the soul of one who inherited from her mother the one great sin of our race, undying hatred."

The quartet stole silently from the chamber. The night winds whistled about the house in Little Green street, but they were unheard by its single tenant.

In the years of love which came to De Courcy and McQuade through the smiles of the beautiful women whom they won, they never could blot out their last visit to the Countess Plass.

In sunshine we recall the storm, in the garden of roses we think of the sting of the nettle, but at the end all is peace.

A few weeks after the death of the countess, General Conto disappeared, but our friends never learned if he knew of the snuffing out of a life's candle in Little Green street.

Doctor Sinelli sought other scenes across the sea; the body of Caliban crumbled to dust in an unknown grave, and nothing was left to remind McQuade of the Blighting Venus.

Nothing?

One day Nova and Dolly, while in a perfumer's shop, were suddenly attracted by a subtle perfume, and turning, with faces blanched white, they expected to see the living impersonation of one of the most beautiful women in the world.

"Ah, I see it attracts you, ladies," smiled the perfumer. "It is our new perfume just imported."

It was stephanotis, and the young wives thought of its fated patron, Dozia, the Countess Plass.

The end.

The Symbolism Didn't Appeal.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house on Washington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was sitting on the sofa beside her, "the minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued, as he literally simulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolical of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted, angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"

LAIDLON'S ADVICE.

"Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with
words!"
—Shakespeare.

The man who shuffled feebly up the office stairs of the rich and influential ex-soldier, ex-politician, and present capitalist, Colonel Laidlon, was but a sorry specimen of his kind. A gentlemanly caller coming down avoided him as if he were a pestilence, but poor Joe Rexford never harmed any one but himself.

The yellow cur that kept close to him was a fitting attache for such as he. Both man and dog were down at the heel, socially and financially. No friendly hand was outstretched to greet the brother man in his low estate; no canine nose rubbed affectionate welcome to the outcast dog.

The colonel was in his private office where he figured as capitalist; his clerk had gone out a moment, leaving the anteroom unguarded. Joe Rexford and his dog crossed it without challenge, and stood in silhouette on the threshold of the elegant private apartment beyond.

This was Colonel Laidlon's private office. It was here he had dispensed that largesse of charity which had been so highly extolled in the newspapers, giving to the poor, as a steppingstone to higher things—a diplomatic appointment, for instance.

He sat now at his rosewood desk, busy with deeds, and mortgages, and bulky papers, evidence of good-paying shares in popular schemes. At his right was a wad of money, kept in place by a crystal weight, which held in its depths the pictured face of his sweet child. On his left stood a wastepaper basket, into which he dropped now and then a begging letter—which he did not read. His private secretary attended to all that. It was impertinent to write to him!

A shadow, as forlorn as the substance it outlined, fell on the great man's desk!

Thieves! Murderers! The city was full of them! Instantly he grasped the money at his right, and turned quickly in his revolving office chair.

"Who are you?" was his sharp challenge to the man at the door.

"I'm—I'm Joe Rexford, cunnel. You remember I was your color-bearer in the Shenandoah Valley when you got that saber cut, cunnel. I helped you out of the fray till my arm was hurt——"

"Yes, yes; and I've helped you a dozen times since then. What is it now? Something new, or the same old story?"

"Yes, sir; it's the same old story—mos' as old as the world—the story of an unfortunate man. Of course, it's all my own fault, cunnel, that luck went agen' me—no grit—money went and got wasted—wife gone home! Children—oh, thank God! they're home, too. Maybe they can look down and pity me, an'—an' pray for me! Yes, I'm in hard luck, pard—'cuse me, cunnel—an' the world is agen' me!"

"Rexford," said the colonel, "if I give you a dollar, will you drink it up before night?"

"D'lighted, sir; an' your health every time, cunnel; it 'ud be so good to feel warm and happy and rich just once more before the—the night comes."

The grim humor of the poor fellow touched the genial side of the colonel.

"I believe I'll try you once more," he said, and picked up a silver dollar that had oozed from the wad of money on the desk, and balanced it thoughtfully on his lean, white forefinger.

At that moment his eye fell upon the dog, who had retired discreetly to the background.

"Is that creature yours?" he sternly asked.

"What? Where? I don't see anything, sir!"

Joe looked alarmed. Trembling on the verge of delirium, he believed the man who was talking to him saw some horrible thing crawling about him.

"Whose dog is that?"

"Oh, the dog! Why, that's my dog, cunnel. He's the only friend I've got left."

"That dog belongs to you?"

"Why, mostly he does, cunnel; but sometimes I belong to him. We haven't parted company in seven years, Cap an' me."

The colonel put the silver dollar into his pocket.

"That is enough," he said, in a hard voice. "None of my money goes to support dogs. I have nothing for you."

"All right, cunnel," said poor Joe, looking wistfully at the dog. "I can't give him up, 'cause you see, I've got no other friend than Cap, and he's got no other friend than me. I—I would, if it was anything else. If you could just lend me that dollar, cunnel, till——"

"I've nothing to lend or give to you, Rexford, until you change your way of living, and become a respectable man."

A faint smile passed over the face of the vagrant standing there, hat in hand. It lighted up the ruin with a transient brightness.

"What would you recommend me to do, cunnel?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Do you ask me for advice?" inquired the colonel, with a sharp glance at the ruin.

"Jest so, sir. Honest, I do. You're a gentleman and a scollard, and ought to know what's the best thing for me to do, if you'd be so kind. Jest put yourself in my place, cunnel, if you can."

There was a mild, spiritless satire under the deep respect of Joe Rexford's speech that touched the man of millions in his temper.

"If I were in your place," answered Colonel Laidlon, slowly, "I will tell you what I would do. I would walk down the nearest street that led to a river, and then—I would jump in."

"Thankee, sir," answered Joe, with the smile still on his face, "and good day, sir."

They went out together, the man and the dog, and, hurrying down the stairs, disappeared in the friendly shelter of the streets.

* * * * * * * *

The next morning, in the morning paper, the colonel read a sensational item that left a frown on his brow during the entire forenoon.

Joe Rexford had taken his advice, and, with his last friend in his arms, had left the world behind him.

Retaining the Cook.

Young Housewife—Can't you make that serial story in your journal go on a little longer? Our cook is reading it, and I think she will stay as long as it continues."

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Many Women who are Splendid Cooks

dread having to prepare an elaborate dinner because they are not sufficiently strong to stand over an intensely hot coal range. This is especially true in summer. Every woman takes pride in the table she sets, but often it is done at tremendous cost to her own vitality through the weakening effect of cooking on a coal range in a hot kitchen.

It is no longer necessary to wear yourself out preparing a fine dinner. Even in the heat of summer you can cook a large dinner without being worn out.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

Gives no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no drudgery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner sizes can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

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EXPRESS PRE-PAID

12 Full Bottles ELK SIDE Straight Kentucky Whiskey →100 PROOF← $4.50

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This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equaled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.50 and we will at once send 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow 100-Proof Straight ELK SIDE KENTUCKY WHISKEY, express prepaid, guaranteed by us under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Elk Side Whiskey to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received. Make remittance payable to

Imperial Dist. Co., 547-0 Delaware St., Kansas City, Mo.

STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY
ELK SIDE
AGED IN BOND
100 PROOF
STRAIGHT
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A Guaranteed Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE

THE GREATEST OFFER BY THE GREATEST MAGAZINE

THE WONDER
(Actual Size)

You should not be without it. Strong, durable and will last a lifetime. Can fill with ordinary ink, no need to have a special kind of fountain pen ink or a filler (which you will probably break or lose), and no more inky fingers. All you have to do to fill the pen is to dip the pen point in the ink and turn the second ring on the end to the right until it stops. When it stops the pen is filled. All very simple, at the same time it works perfectly. Full directions with each pen. Made of best hard, black rubber with a high-grade pen point, made by one of the best fountain pen factories of Germany. They are guaranteed to write perfectly.

OUR GUARANTEE. If any of these fountain pens are defective in make, or will not write through fault of manufacture, they can be returned and we will replace it by another.

How to Get this Pen Free

These self-filling fountain pens will make friends for us and we want every reader of The Chicago Ledger to have one free. To every one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger, we will send one of these splendid self-filling fountain pens absolutely free, all charges prepaid.

We will treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are now a subscriber and wish this pen fill out the coupon, state on the bottom that this is a renewal subscription, enclose one dollar with the coupon and send it to us and we will send you the pen absolutely free and extend your subscription one year from the time it is now paid up to.

Get a Guaranteed Fountain Pen Free

Fill out the Coupon below, enclose it with $1.00 and send it to us at once:

W. D. Boyce Co., Chicago.
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. This coupon entitles me to the self-filling pen advertised above.

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CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

Pickled Peppers

Didn't Please Wife.

Just to please his wife, a Staten Island man consented to go to a matinee on a day when the only seats they could get in the part of the house she preferred were single seats in different rows. When he went in the man promised the usher a quarter if he could get them seats together. At the end of the first act he noticed that the woman sitting beside him appeared detached. His wife looked lonely, so he said:

"Pardon me, are you here alone?"

Just then the usher passed. The woman hailed him.

"You must get me another seat," she said. "I cannot sit here any longer. This man has insulted me."

"Sure," said the usher. "We'll fix that all right. Come with me."

The woman said "Brute" and followed the usher to the seat occupied by the Staten Island man's wife.

"This lady will change seats with you," said the usher.

"I'd advise you not to sit by that brute," said the indignant stranger. "He will insult you. He insulted me."

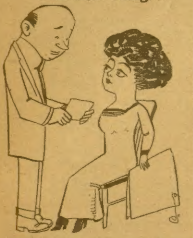
"What did he say?" gasped the wife.

"He asked me if I were here alone."

The Staten Island man and his wife saw the play out. Between the acts and most of the time during acts he tried to explain.

"It was to get you near me," he said. He has been saying the same thing most of his waking moments for the last six weeks, but he hasn't been able to make her believe it.

Dead Sure Thing.



"Here's a telegram announcing that our uncle is dead."

"How do you know? You haven't read it."

"No, but if he were alive the message would have come 'collect.'"

A Little Mistake.

Miss Mary Richmond, of the Philadelphia society for organizing charity abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said:

"As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a raucous voice say:

"'Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!'

The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure on whose breast hung a card saying 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

"But the coin was dropped from too great a height, and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.

"The gentleman said in a stern voice:

"'Confound you; you are no more blind than I am.'

"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast, and gave a start of surprise.

"'Right you are boss,' he said. 'Blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb.'"

Alcohol in Medicines.

Alcohol is the best known preservative of medical compounds, and the average proprietary medicine contains from 15% to 22%, which is the smallest possible amount to preserve the ingredients, while the average doctor's prescription contains from 25% to 50%.

Such standard preparations as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contain but 18%, and they even put the Compound up in tablet form, which the over-scrupulous woman, who objects to alcohol in any degree, may use.

Lunchroom Repartee.

The young man with the iron cheek entered the quick-lunch room and seated himself at the third table.

"Belinda," he called familiarly, "you look fresh this morning."

"Not half as fresh as some others," retorted the pretty waitress with an elevation of her nose.

"Well! Well! Have you calf brains?"

"If I did you wouldn't order them, for you have an over-supply now."

"My, but you are getting good for the matinee. With the high price of meats eggs come in handy these days, don't hey?"

"No; they come in crates."

"Wow! Did you ever hear the story of the incubator chick? It's not out yet?"

"That will do, sonny. Did you ever hear the story of the cold porridge? Well, it's on you!"

There was an unexpected tilting of a dish and the young man with the iron jaw was showered with oatmeal.

Quieted the Adviser.

The man who is always giving advice sauntered up the street and found the tattered hobo sitting on the curb.

"My good man," began the former, "why are you idling away your time like this? Don't you know the world owes you a living?"

"That so?" responded the hobo, nonchalantly. "Well, I guess I better call up a collection agency and get dem to collect it for me."

"But this is serious, my man. You deserve something in this world."

"Sure, boss, the last judge I ran up against said I deserved six months."

"Tut! Tut! Don't be facetious. Why, you could rise up in the world and wear broadcloth."

"Thanks, but I am wearing dat now, boss. Dis suit is so broad it is three sizes too big for me."

"Well, what in the dickens are you sitting on the curb for, anyway?"

"To curb my temper, boss. To curb my temper when such smart alecks as you ask foolish questions."

A MOVABLE FEAST.

She has a biscuit-colored hat,
With plumes of olive green,
Beneath the mushroom crown so flat
A bunch of cherries may be seen.

'Tis perched upon her chestnut hair
Above her shrimp-pink gown,
And from her little neck so fair
A chain of oyster pearls hangs down.

Her coat is made of Persian lamb,
And frogs are all the style,
She doesn't mind at all the "jam,"
Because she's got 'em beat a mile.

And scallops, points of every size,
Go floating round her feet,
When she goes mincing down the street
She looks just good enough to eat.

Fully Explained.

Prof. William James Harvard's brilliant psychologist, often illustrates a truth with a story.

"The most ghastly superstition," Prof. James said recently, "has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones.

"'Jones,' said a man, 'tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last night.'

"'Nonsense!' was the reply. 'How could his wooden leg pain him?'

"'His wife,' the man explained, 'hit him over the head with it.'"

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

A Screw Loose Somewhere.

Professor of Drawing—Miss Hectol, the primary teacher, told her pupils today that she was 22 years old.

Professor of History—Her statement doesn't agree very well with an answer she gave me once.

Professor of Drawing—What answer was that?

Professor of History—Why, she answered 'Yes' when I asked her if she remembered the year in which America was discovered.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

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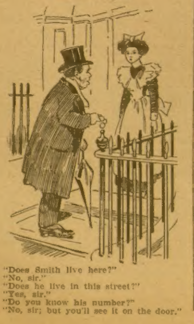


"Does Smith live here?"

"No, sir."

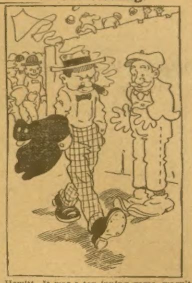
"Does he live in this street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know his number?"

"No, sir; but you'll see it on the door."

He Saw Nothing.



Hewitt—It was a ten-inning game, wasn't it?

Jewett—Can't say. It was only a one-inning game for me, as a woman with a comet's tail hat sat down in front of me at the beginning of the second inning.

Realism.

"When I was in London," said Miss Warner to the little group of friends round the dinner table who were listening to her account of some amusing experiences she had abroad last summer, "I tried to be as British as I could, but I was constantly getting mixed in my English phrases.

"You know one of the underground railroads in London is always spoken of as the 'tupenny tube,' so one day when I wished to be transported in a hurry from one side of the city to the other I astonished a big, pleasant-faced Bobby by asking where was the nearest station of the 'two penny tub.'"

Every one at the table laughed except the young Scotch guest. He leaned across the board and said, very seriously, "Ye know we canna get a bawth in Lunnon for tuppence."

Plated or Otherwise.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when the tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug scales.

"Acid!" he whispered, excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!"

The soda-water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?"

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no. Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them."

And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.

A Sound Institution.

Bank Director—I am surprised, sir, to learn that you drop into our bank every day and whisper tips to our cashier. Don't you know the information must be a great temptation to him to use the bank funds to speculate with?

Wealthy Broker—Yes.

"And yet you are a heavy stockholder in our bank."

"Just so."

"Then in the name of common sense, what's your motive?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't know whether your cashier is honest or not; but if he isn't honest, and if he does use the bank funds to speculate with, I want him to keep on the right side of the market. See?"

A MAN'S DESCRIPTION.

The sweet girl graduate we love,
And that's no bluff.
Her graduating gown is of
Some fluffy stuff.

A dainty bow is perched above,
'Tis quite enough
To say it is fashioned of
Some fluffy stuff.

Her essay likewise must
Receive a puff.
What is it all about? Oh, just
Some fluffy stuff.

Late Hours.

"I understand that you recently stayed out till midnight," said the friend in a shocked tone.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton.

"Where did you spend all the time?"

"Out on the front step waiting for Henrietta to relent and let me in."

Foolish Questions.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Will you please tell me something?"

"What is it, my boy?"

"Why, when you scratch your face it leaves a mark, and when you scratch your head it doesn't?"

Good Catches.

Willie—My brother went fishing last month and caught a pickerel that weighed twenty pounds.

Elsie—That's nothing. My sister went fishing, too, and came home with a plutocrat that weighs 200 pounds.

Get Thee to a Cannery, Go!

Editor—In this story you use this expression "piling Ossa on Pelion."

Contributor (proudly)—Yes, sir.

Editor—Well, cut it out! It's Ossafied.

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For Youthful Eyes

VISITING.

"My little girl, I hope you tried
Your very best to be,
Quite ladylike and well-behaved,
When you were out at tea?

"And that you said: 'Yes, if you please,'
When things were offered you;
Or, 'No, I thank you,' quietly,
Just as I told you to?"

"Yes, mamma, dear, I smiled and said:
'Yes, thank you,' so polite;
And 'If you please,' and sat up straight
And always acted right.

"I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' though,
Because, mamma, you see,
I wanted all they helped me to
When I went out to tea."

Yvette.

There was weeping and wailing when Dorothy's mamma decided that Yvette could not go to the seashore. Yvette was Dorothy's best plaything, a dear little French poodle, as black as Dorothy's own eyes. Her curly hair was cut in funny tufts all over her body, with a crowning knob on the end of her thin tail; these queer ornaments made her look like the unicorn one sees on flags and banners.

Dorothy was terribly grieved over the coming separation, but mamma was firm.

"Yvette is so mischievous, darling, and I am afraid you might lose her. Suppose you left her with Aunt Margaret, where I am sure she will be well cared for."

So Yvette was taken up to Aunt Margaret's house by Dorothy herself. The parting was painful, but Dorothy whispered consolingly in her pet's ear, as she left a last kiss atop of the little black nose:

"Never mind, you lovely thing. I'll send for you as soon as I come home."

Yvette, being a sensible dog, looked at the bright side of life, and wagged her tail peacefully through the summer, accepting Aunt Margaret's attentions with a royal grace, learning a lot of new tricks, and making herself immensely agreeable, as company always should.

At length there came a letter from Dorothy: Aunt Margaret read it aloud to grandma as they sat by a cozy log fire—the first of the season. Yvette was curled up on the rug in front of them, close to the fender, for the weather was growing chilly and she longed for her winter furs.

"Dear Auntie," Dorothy wrote—

"It is getting too cold to stay away any longer. Tell Yvette to go home; I must have her the first thing tomorrow, I'm just crazy to see my darling treasure. Lovingly, DOROTHY."

"You hear, Yvette?" and Aunt Margaret tweaked the long silky ear nearest to her.

Yvette got up, turned around three times, and lay down again; this was a sign of deep thought.

The next morning there was no Yvette; she could not be found in the house or in the neighborhood; she had never strayed before, and Aunt Margaret was nearly distracted. In great distress, she hurried to Dorothy's house, and the first thing she saw when the door opened was Yvette herself, who came pattering joyfully down the stairs with Dorothy just behind.

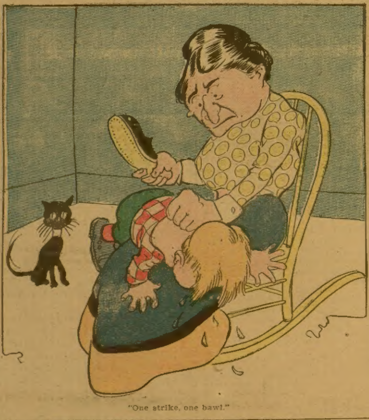
"Oh, you dear thing, to send Yvette so early!" she cried, "we found her on the steps as we drove up to the door."

"But I never sent her—I thought she was lost; I can't understand it, Dorothy."

Dorothy looked puzzled at first, then a sudden idea flashed upon her: "She heard you read my letter, auntie, and she trotted home by her dear little self! Yvette! Yvette! Tell me the truth, miss, this instant!"

But Yvette only blinked; she had nothing to say. If she had secrets she knew how to keep them.

BASEBALL TERM.



"One strike, one bawl."

A Summer Story.

The Indians thought of summer as a beautiful maiden. They called her Nipon, and she came among them in June, clad in green garments. She built her wigwam near the sun, covering it with green leaves and flowers.

Nipon had a grandmother, the Rain, who often came to visit her, and who always said to her when she took leave:

"My child, never turn your steps to the North. Winter lives there, your deadliest foe. If you meet him face to face your beauty will vanish, your green gown will fade, your hair will turn gray and all your great strength will go from you."

Nipon gave no heed to the warning of the Rain. The forbidden country of the North looked strangely beautiful in the distance. It was a wonderful land, with shining lakes and high blue mountains and bright rolling rivers. She was drawn toward it against her will, but all the time she heard the voice of the Rain saying:

"Go back—go back—lest the Winter kill you!"

Still, she gave no heed, but journeyed on till it grew bitterly cold, and her green garments grew yellow and faded. At last the wind blew them away, and her long dark hair turned gray—and then white with the frost, and she lost her strength and could not go back.

The Rain-mother missed Nipon from her wigwam. The boughs of leaves were yellow and the flowers were faded—then she knew what had happened. Nipon was a prisoner of grim Winter, away in the North Country. The Rain called her bravest warriors, the South Wind, East Wind, and Warming Breeze, and she bade them hasten and rescue Nipon from the clutches of Winter; and they flew to do her bidding.

As they entered the North Country, Winter felt ill at ease, so he called his chieftains, the North Wind, the North-Wester, the North-East Wind, and all the frosts and sleet and snow spirits.

"Fly!" he cried, "fly to the battle! Our foes are coming from the South!" He grew smaller as he spoke.

There was a mighty battle. The driving Rain, and the mild South Winds broke down the Winter's strength until he was forced to set his prisoner free. Nipon, looking weary and old, with her white hair, set out on her homeward journey, but as she walked the sun grew warmer and the days were longer and the air was softer.

She grew younger and younger at each step, until she was fair and beautiful once more. She went on and on, until at last she reached her own wigwam, where she found her grandmother, the Rain, nearly spent with the battle.

"You were disobedient, my daughter," said the Rain. "See that you never stray again."

But Summer—born again each year—is ever wilful.

Elsie's Discipline.

Elsie was born with quite a will of her own. She was not always so good as she might have been, but from the time she could stand on her little toddling feet she knew how people ought to behave.

One day she was walking with her aunt in the park. It was Sunday, and she was dressed in her best, with a big poke bonnet hiding her pretty face. She was very old at that time, quite 3 years, and she felt very good and pious. She had been to church and had behaved so well that auntie was telling her how proud she was of her little girl. A smile puckered the rosebud mouth, but it died the next moment, for just ahead of her, was a sorry sight. Some big, bad boys were on their knees, shooting marbles on the sidewalk. Think of it—on Sunday!

Elsie gave a gasp, and, suddenly dropping her aunt's hand and spreading out her arms, she rushed like a small whirlwind into the midst of the players.

"Bad boys! bad boys!" she cried, scattering them vigorously. "Go home, you naughty boys. It's Sunday!"

The startled boys fell back before the onslaught. Some of them laughed, some even jeered, but they sheepishly separated.

Auntie rescued her little girl and they continued their walk. Though they looked back several times, the boys made no attempt to renew their game.

Curfew.

In some of the suburbs of Chicago the curfew bell rings every night, and after it has rung children must not be abroad on the streets. The word is from the French "couvre-feu," cover-fire, and was given to the bell in the time of William I. of England. The British people were not allowed to keep lights and open fires in their houses late into the evening, and as there were no clocks in those days they were warned by the bell of the village church.

Judicial Jumping Jack.

A jumping jack once jumped so judiciously that the toys judged him of sufficient importance to be a jurist and so they jollied him into making a jab at a judicial position. The jumping jack jumped at the chance and justified the judgment of his friends by judging justly everything in his jurisdiction and causing the jury to suggest judgment in cases where justice had been jumbled about by the gibes of joking judges.

LITTLE CLOCK.

This naughty little round-faced clock
Won't say a word but "Tick, tick, tock."
Upon the mantel shelf he stands
And idly moves his dirty hands.
He's run so fast he's out of breath,
And Mamma Clock's most scared to death.
She is afraid that he's run down,
And tells him so, with many a frown.
But all he says is "Tick, tick, tock,"
And makes a face at Mamma Clock.

A New Gown.

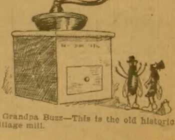
Mother was trying on Baby Helen's first bathing suit. She expected the child would be wild with delight when she saw herself arrayed for the sea. Instead, Helen squirmed and shouted, "Take it off! I don't like it! It whiskers me too much!"

A Plain Baby.

"Johnnie," said teacher, "I hear you have a new baby up at your house. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Neither," said Johnnie promptly; "it's just a plain baby!"

In Fly Village



Grandpa Buzz—This is the old historic village mill.